



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

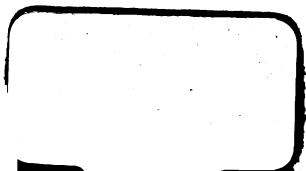
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



BT from Heap Cat 115/143

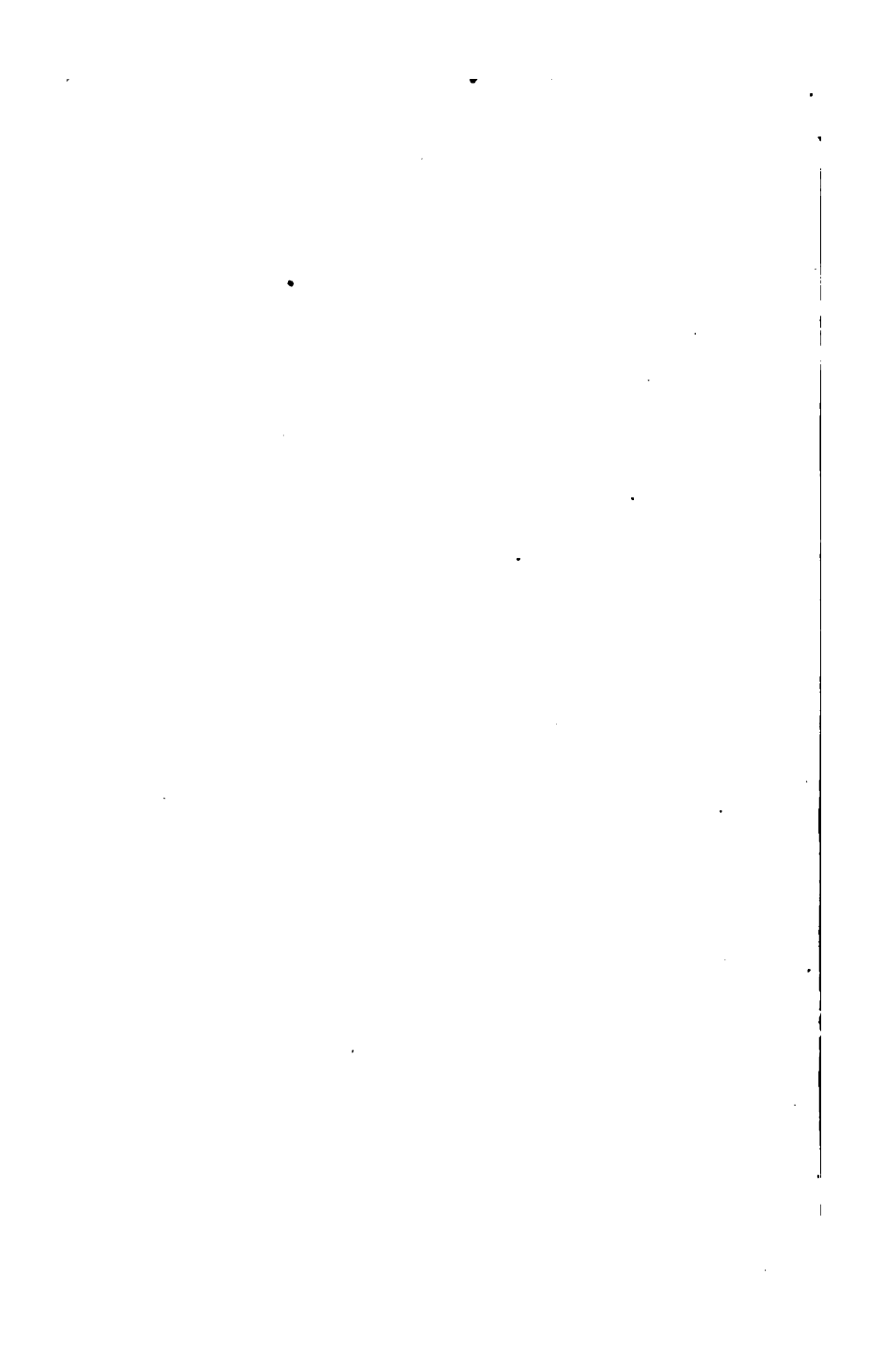
280 f. 2568





Shrewsbury
Hunting
7/2

A VISION
OF
PENGWERNE,
&c.



A

VISION OF PENGWERNE,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

DAVID SIMONS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF POWIS.

" Before I appeared with crutches
I was bold ; I was admitted into
The Congress House of Powys, the
Paradise of the Cymry "
LLOWARCH HEN.

SHREWSBURY:

PUBLISHED, FOR THE AUTHOR, BY JOHN DAVIES,
15, HIGH STREET.

MDCCCXLI.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. A. Agard, *Shrewsbury*.
Mr. W. Alltree, *ditto*.
William Anderson, Esq. *Edinburgh*.
Mr. R. Ash, *Shrewsbury*, (2 copies.)
Mr. S. Asterley, *Shrewsbury*.
The Right Honourable LORD BERWICK, *Attingham Hall*.
BERIAH BOTFIELD, Esq. M.P. *Ludlow*.
Mr. W. Badger, *Ellesmere*.
Mr. W. Barclay, *Shrewsbury*.
Mr. Baxter, *Wellington*.
Mr. J. E. Bayley, *Shrewsbury*.
Major Bayley, *Black Birches*.
Nathaniel Betton, Esq. *Shrewsbury*.
Rev. E. Bickersteth, *ditto*.
Mr. R. B. Blakemore, *ditto*.
Mr. J. Blanthorn, *ditto*.
Mr. J. Bowen, *ditto*.
Mr. Brightwell, *ditto*.
Mr. Burrey, *ditto*.
J. W. Bythell, Esq. *ditto*.
Mr. R. Cartwright, *ditto*.
Mr. C. W. Charlton, *ditto*.
Mr. T. Cole, *ditto*.
Mr. T. Colley, *ditto*.
Mrs. Corbet, *Sundorne Castle*.
David Crawford, Esq. *Shrewsbury*.
Mr. Crump, *ditto*.
Mr. W. Cullis, *Selattyn*.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Miss Dale, *Shrewsbury*.
 Mr. W. Dale, *ditto*.
 Mr. John Davies, *Market Street, ditto*.
 Mr. W. Davies, *Mardol, ditto*.
 Mr. R. Davies, *ditto*.
 Mr. James Davies, *Wyle Cop, ditto*.
 Rev. Walter Davies *Llanrhaidr*.
 J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq. A.M. *Westfelton*.
 Mr. J. Downes, *Shrewsbury*.
 Richard Emery, Esq. *ditto*.
 Mr. James Evans, *ditto*.
 Mr. D. Evans, *ditto*.
 Mr. W. Evans, *ditto*.
 Rev. G. A. Evors, *Newtown Hall, (4 copies.)*
 T. C. Eyton, Esq. *Donnerville*.
 Mrs. Farlow, *Shrewsbury*.
 Mr. J. Frail, *ditto*.
 Miss S. Frail, *ditto*.
 W. O. GORE, Esq. M.P. *Porkington*.
 Edmund Garbett, Esq. *Wellington*.
 Mr. Jones Goodwin, *Shrewsbury*.
 Mr. W. H. Griffiths, *ditto*.
 Mr. T. Groves, *ditto*.
 Mr. T. Groves, Junr. *ditto*.
 Mr. Hall, *ditto, (2 copies.)*
 Mr. Hall, Junr. *ditto, (2 copies.)*
 William Hams, gentleman, *ditto*.
 Mr. Paul Hand, *ditto*.
 Mr. T. Hanley, *ditto*.
 Mr. C. J. Hanmer, *ditto*.
 Mr. G. Harper, *ditto*.
 Mr. G. Harries, *ditto*.
 Mr. J. Hartshorne, *ditto*.
 Mr. T. Harwood, *ditto*.
 Mr. R. Haycock, *ditto*.
 John Hinton, Esq. *Wenlock*.
 Mr. J. Humphreys, *Shrewsbury*.
 Mr. J. S. Hunt, *ditto*.



LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

SIR R. JENKINS, G.C.B. M.P. *London.*
 John Jobson, Esq. *Shrewsbury.*
 Thomas, Jobson, Esq. *ditto.*
 Mr. E. Jones, *ditto.*
 Mr. W. Jones, *Market Street, ditto.*
 Mr. W. Jones, *High Street, ditto.*
 Robert Jones, Esq. *ditto.*
 Mr. D. Jones, *ditto.*
 Thomas Harley Kough, Esq. *ditto.*
 The Right Honourable THE EARL OF LONSDALE,
Lowther Castle.
 Mr. T. Lawrence, *ditto.*
 Mr. E. Lewis, *ditto.*
 Mr. Lewis, *Church Stretton.*
 Mr. C. Lloyd, *Shrewsbury, (2 copies.)*
 John Loxdale, Esq. *Mayor of Shrewsbury.*
 Mr. R. Lucas, *ditto.*
 R. S. Mackenzie, Esq. L.L.D. *ditto.*
 Mr. W. Madeley, *ditto.*
 Mr. S. Mansell, *ditto.*
 Mr. G. Matthews, *ditto, (2 copies.)*
 Mr. G. Maxon, *Durham.*
 Mr. Meabrey, *Shrewsbury.*
 Mr. L. Meredith, *ditto.*
 Mr. T. Moody, *ditto.*
 Mr. Morgan, *ditto.*
 Mr. R. J. Muckleston, *ditto.*
 Mr. Onions, *ditto.*
 T. J. Ouseley, Esq. *ditto, (4 copies.)*
 Mr. J. I. Owen, *ditto.*
 Evan Owen, Esq. Junr. *ditto.*
 Mr. John Owen, *ditto.*
 The Right Honourable THE EARL OF POWIS, *Powis*
Castle.
 Mr. J. G. Peate, *Shrewsbury.*
 Mr. W. C. Peplow, *ditto.*
 John Phillips, Esq. *Winsley House.*
 Mr. W. Pickin, *Shrewsbury.*
 Mr. H. Pidgeon, *ditto.*

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Poyner, *Shrewsbury*.
Mr. R. Price, *ditto*.
Mr. F. Roberts, *ditto*.
G. Rogers, gentleman, *ditto*.
Mr. W. Rogers, *ditto*.
His Grace THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, *Lilleshall*.
R. A. SLANEY, Esq. M.P. *Walford Manor*, (3 copies.)
Edward Saxton, Esq. *ditto*.
Mr. S. Scoltock, *Shrewsbury*, (2 copies.)
Rev. Richard Scott, B.D. *ditto*.
Mr. Shaw, *ditto*.
Joseph Sheppard, Esq. *Horton Lodge*.
Mr. J. Stanton, *Shrewsbury*.
Mr. C. J. Stewart, *ditto*.
Mr. J. Tanner, *ditto*.
Mr. R. Taylor, *ditto*.
C. B. Teece, Esq. *ditto*.
E. B. Tipton, Esq. *ditto*.
Mr. Tisdale, *ditto*.
Mr. T. Tisdale, *ditto*.
Mr. E. Tomkins, *ditto*.
Mr. J. W. Towers, *ditto*, (2 copies.)
Mr. Tunstall, *ditto*.
Mr. E. Vaughan, *ditto*.
William Wardley, Esq. *ditto*.
Mr. Watkins, *ditto*.
Mr. Webster, *ditto*.
Mr. J. Wheeler, *ditto*.
Mr. J. White, *ditto*.
Mr. R. Wilding, *ditto*.
Mr. T. Wildig, *ditto*.
Mr. R. Wilkes, *ditto*.
Griffiths Williams, gentleman, *ditto*.
Mr. D. Williams, *ditto*.
Mr. W. Wood, *ditto*.
Samuel Wood, Esq. *ditto*.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF POWIS.

MY LORD,

BEING desirous of affording some little amusement to my fellow subjects, and of creating an interest among the inhabitants of these "Borders," by directing their attention from the present to the past, when the Palace of "Pengwerne" so frequently echoed to the proud position which was maintained for ages by "Powys-land," among the kingdoms of ancient Britain, I have been induced to publish the "Vision of Pengwerne;" hoping I may not only awaken a desire in some one more capable of doing justice to so important a period in the history of this neighbourhood, but believing also that a "Tale," founded upon so remote an age, embodying the customs, and reviving, from the sleep of so many past centuries, some of the princely names that swelled the "roundelays" of the then living and succeeding Bards, would be acceptable to the local reader at least, however defective it may be in literary merit.

Your Lordship will soon discover that these Poems are the production of a pen much more ardent than skilful; but I trust that he to whose condescension I am indebted for permission to dedicate them to himself will, with equal generosity, look with indulgence upon

their imperfections. The honour of being allowed thus to associate the volume is one for which I feel deeply grateful to your Lordship, and should it happen to be hereafter remembered, a sufficient proof will be afforded of the shelter it received under the mantle of the "Chiefs of Mathraval."

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Obliged and humble Servant,

DAVID SIMONS.

Shrewsbury, June 6th, 1841.

place it seems, by the fol-

the habitation of Cynddylan,
it not in flames?"

INTRODUCTION

ded, as it is before
of Bards, re-
which heroes

THE Vision of Pengwern purports to be the first
he reign of the British Princes in Shrewsbury, the decease,
at the time when the celebrated Llowarch Hys Iwan, the
along with his friend Cynddylan, the Prince of Powys, the
land," at the seat of his Government in Pengwern.

humble

DAVID

The author has confined himself in his descriptions to
the customs of warfare, &c., as well as to the mode in
which the lives and great actions of distinguished
warriors were acknowledged in their "circling feasts,"
in that very remote age, and hopes he has represented
the true features of the period referred to, in not an
unpleasant way, by introducing to the reader the names
of Princes and Heroes who fought in this land of
ancient renown; but also scenes of local interest—
that were the principal objects of admiration fourteen
hundred years ago and upwards.

Though he is fully sensible of the difficulty his task
presents in consequence of the expectations the an-
nouncement of the present work may have created
among his friends and others, in this neighbourhood
especially; at the same time he begs to observe, he does
not pretend in this performance a history of "Powys-
land," but a vision of one transaction alone, though it

somewhat embodies in its narrative both names and usages of that time.

For this purpose the author has taken as his only guide an Elegy written by the venerable chieftain alluded to on the fall of Prince Cynddylan; and who only as far as he is informed, lights up the long succession of ages with the splendours and events of that important period, by the various remarks he has made as to the places that were famed, and are still pointed out, in his old Elegiac Battle-Song. And he must here observe, without attempting to provoke a discussion with Salopia's Historians, who have given the world *their* views and opinions about the ancient character of this Town and neighbourhood, that the present, as well as the past generations, have little to thank those gentlemen for, in passing over so lightly, a period when, with the assistance of the authority in question, they might at least have produced some pleasing chapters on that portion of our history, as the following two short extracts will prove, with others that are introduced into the poem. Thus, in dwelling on the dignity and kind disposition of Cynddylan, he says—

"Cynddylan the splendid purple of 'Powys' to thee belonged,
The retreat of Strangers was the life of my Lord."

Most likely the latter sentence was written with a warm recollection of his own reception as a stranger at the Court of "Pengwerne;" and when referring to its capture, the scene that accompanied its fall was brought as vivid to his imagination as its appearance assumed

when the catastrophe took place it seems, by the following exclamation:—

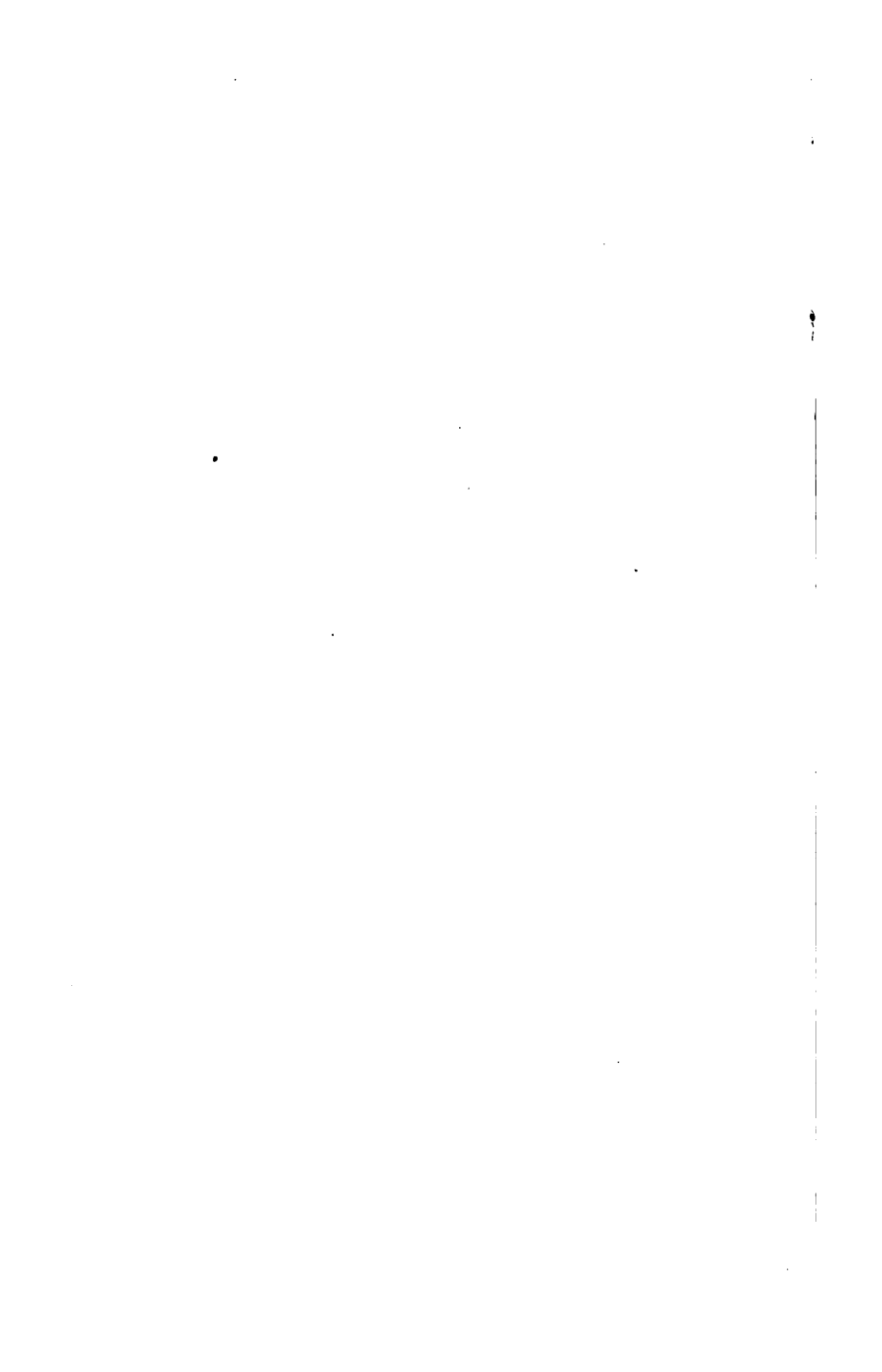
“Stand out ye Virgins! and behold the habitation of Cynddylan,
“The Royal Palace of Pengwerne!—Is it not in flames?”

The Vision of Pengwerne is founded, as it is before remarked, on the custom at that period of Bards, rehearsing all the feats and great actions which heroes accomplished in the course of their lives, at the first “circling feast” or banquet that followed their decease, before the Court and Warrior Assembly; while the Sovereign in most cases paid his tribute of admiration to their memories.

The other Poems were written occasionally, and the author hopes that the book, as a whole, will meet the expectations of his friends and patrons.

Shrewsbury, June 6th, 1841.

The Poems of Llowarch Hen were translated by a Mr. WILLIAM OWEN, in the Year 1792, to whom the author is indebted for his extracts.



CONTENTS.

	Page
VISION of Pengwern.....	1
Notes to Ditto.....	53
Lines on the Death of the late Lady Harriett Wynn of Wynn- stay.....	53
A Chapter of Village Life.....	65
Shrewsbury Quarry.....	78
On the Annual procession from the Salop Infirmary to St. Chad's Church.....	81
A Morning's ramble round Shrewsbury.....	84
Shrewsbury Quarry Fields.....	87
Ruins of Wroxeter.....	91
A Visit to the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.....	95
Lines to the Severn.....	100
A Wish suggested on a visit to Haughmond Abbey.....	103
On seeing four Generations in one family at the Plough Inn, Market Square, Shrewsbury.....	106
On the Death of Lieutenant Anderson.....	109
On a Visit to Newtown Church, Montgomeryshire.....	111
On a Visit to the "Bryn Bank," near Newtown.....	115
The Grave of Roger de Montgomery.....	118
A Visit to Whittington Castle.....	122
On hearing the Bells of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury.....	126
On a Banquet held in Shrewsbury Castle, 1840.....	129
Millington's Hospital.....	131
Shelton Oak.....	134
Lines sent with the "Forget-me-not".....	141
Thoughts on Ancient Shrewsbury.....	142
On hearing a Robin sing in December, 1840.....	144
Notes.....	147

VISION OF PENGWERNE,

&c.

'Tis sweet to linger, pause, or dwell,
On sloping upland, plain, or dell,
Where history with its sunlight ray,
Points to some now forgotten day,
 Long numbered with the past !
Or in the busy streets—around
Whose bustling boundaries still are found
Relics of ancient times, that bring
Quickly on recollection's wing,
The scites where olden Temples stood,
And, where our fathers have withstood,
The foe, or yielded with their breath,
Their well known loyalty, in death !
Or, in the festive throngs so gay,
Joined the returning “ holy-day.”
'Tis sweet, to conjure up again
Such scenes—tho' dormant they have lain,
 And silence round her mantle cast :
When, at the Abbey's saintly dome,
Genius, and virtue, found a home ;

And on whose sacred ground 'tis said,
 The votary meekly bowed his head,
 While on a pilgrimage he came,
 To worship at this shrine of fame. (1)
 Or where the Severn's dashing wave,
 Once echoed to the funeral stave,
 When the dazzling gorgeous host,
 Laid here the heroes they had lost,

Borne from the blood stained battle field !
 To now, where verdure clothes with flowers,
 The rustic looking garden bowers,
 That seems, tho' royalty hath been, (2)
 Attended here with all its sheen ;
 A rural green retreat, and fair,
 Nor " Priory" of yore, is there—
 Claiming the holy soil its own,
 Tho' oft respectful rites were shewn,
 In other times, to those who sleep,
 Lowly, beneath the wanderer's feet ;
 For there, each sacred, solemn spot,
 Whispers—" Our inmates are forgot,
 Until the Angels deathless horn,
 Shall wake the resurrection morn,
 And graves, their awful harvest yield !"

Or, where the banners waved their power,
 Proudly, on Shrewsbury's Castle tower ;
 And old " SAINT MICHAEL," flung its chime,
 Joyous, on many a festive time,

While Warder Chiefs with dauntless eye,
 Smiling beheld their pennons fly.
 Or, where more distant ages brings,
 To fancy's eye, when Yew-bow-strings,
 Sent forth, their battle voice along,
 O'er "HASTINGS'" plain—the Norman throng,
 Led by "MOUNT-GOMERY," ere he came,
 To raise this trophy of his fame.
 Yet, oft hath passing ages' gloom,
 Made each succeeding chief a tomb,
 That governed here!—but he shall live,
 While *worth* a tribute has to give;
 And thus, to many an unborn day,
 Shall history breathe the truthful lay.—

"A Norman chieftain from afar,
 Stemmed here the tide of border war,
 Whose *fame* on victory's anxious breath
 Oft swelled the mazy shout of death;
 Who yet shall brave the hand of age,
 Till time's, last lingering sand hath run,
 And warlike deeds, shall cease t' have won,
 Their meed in record's golden page."

"'Tis sweet," to linger where of old,
 The bardic roundelay was told,
 And where the harps enlivening strain,
 Stole through many a princely train;
 Tho' time may spread its twilight shade,
 History, and recollections fade!

We like to wander round the scene,
 To think, and muse, on what has been
 For such is human life—we love
 Back thro' the stream of years to rove,
 Where free, the spirit seems to bound,
 From matin song to battle sound,
 When tender tales, and heart-felt sighs
 Are heard again, with fond replies
 Of lovers, when the summer's night
 Advancing breaks upon the sight,
 Or the last—the short lived bliss,
 That lingers with the parting kiss,—
 While calls the marshall trump away,
 To join some battle's deadly fray;
 And dying hopes, doth sound the knell
 Of blighted joys—and sadly leave,
 Some fond confiding heart to grieve
 Over the word—farewell!

'Twas thus I thought, when forth away,
 I wandered in the meadows green,
 And perfume from the new-mown hay,
 Came on the laden breeze away,
 Where pleasure's throngs were seen;
 For *Virgin summer* seemed to bless
 The glowing day, and lightly round
 Moved with a fairy step, nor sound
 Followed her daisy foot-fall, when
 Blithely she stalked the hill and glen
 Robed in her July dress.

The sun showered down its thousand rays
 Calmly, and pure, and bright,
 And then, in each descending light,
 There seemed as if immortal days,
 Were breaking on the sight ;
 And glory dressed the beams so given,
 Like Angel forms of bliss in heaven !

One ray of which so bright and true,
 Directing brought before my view,
 The last—and lonely tower !
 Where “ Pengwerne’s ” dauntless sons, and true,
 Maintained their long-known power ;
 And fancy ’woke with magic sway,
 While scenes long passed, again were spread,
 When Minstrels sang their roundelay,
 And rose, methought, the heroic dead,
 Forming again the brilliant throng,
 Or chorusing some warlike song.

For, on the wreck of ages, there—
 The marks of many a battle’s fray,
 Seems still to speak of when the spear,
 Shone bright, and Bowmen did appear,
 To guard it in the olden day ;
 And proudly many a waving crest,
 Flapp’d o’er the ground on which I stood,
 As loud, the Chieftain’s high behest,
 Fell near the Severn’s passing flood,

Or streaming 'mid the enravished host,
The Telyns famous sounds were lost.

Thus, as I mused, the busy thought,
Pointed to many a far gone scene,
When Minstrels sang, and heroes fought,
 And conquest, smiling, oft times wrought,
 The Oaken Crown, or Chaplet green.
When lo! an *echo* reached my ear,
As if some spirit did exclaim,—
“ Let now in rustic song appear,
The hero's deeds, the patriot's tear,
 Tho' lost in years each honoured name;
That after times may list and bless
 Thy humble reed, that bears along,
Deeds that in memory all caress,
 And forms the tide of ' Breton' song.

“ Go, where yon leafy high arcade,
Invites the wanderer 'neath its shade,
 Beyond the daylight's gloaming bound;
When to thy mind's astonished view,
Chieftains, and legions ever true,
Monastic fanes, where yew-trees spread
Their boughs above the slumbering dead,
Where many a deep and honoured tomb
Is lost within oblivion's womb,
 And undiscovered ground.

" Or, where the rushing hosts mid strife,
 Fearless, and prodigal of life,
 Met on the opening vale ;
 While echo bore the chieftain's voice,
 Bounding o'er many a dingle rill,
 Where evening throngs oft did rejoice
 In strains that reached the distant hill ;
 The proud harp yet shall tightly play,
 And fling the music of its wires,
 The Bard shall pour his roundelay,
 And wake the heroes' slumbering fires,
 That ages with it's scenes gone by,
 May pass imagination's eye,
 To form thy Breton tale.
 " Then go ;—the twilight's mustering ray,
 Entombs the lingering light of day,
 And *silence* fills her æreal throne ;
 For when the young moon's silvery beam
 Falls on ' Sabrina's' olden stream,
 I'll meet thee there alone."

Thus, in the still and sober night
 When *Cynthia* flung her rays of light,
 Along the " Quarry Walks," I strayed,
 Beneath the Limes' expanding shade ;
 Silence, threw forth her charm profound,
 Save where the Severn's murmuring sound,
 As echo on the waves along,
 Poured forth her lingering mountain song

The same as in Plinlimmon's well ;
 Where drops begin the far famed tide
 That tumbles from its steepy side,
 Adown through many a sounding dell :
 And laughing brooks so kindly pour
 Their gurglings in the liquid store,
 While on its banks the maiden sings,
 As verdure spreads her cowslip wings,
 And CAMBRIA, smiles on pastures gay ;
 Till here, the widening stream is found,
 Raising its lone, and wandering sound
 Far from its upland fountain home,
 Where like some stranger's truant roam,
 The wanton waters play.

Thus in the stillness, long the stream
 Had wooing kissed day's parting gleam,
 And now, the mellow-noted bird,
 Was in her leafy temple heard
 No more,—for she had fondly given
 Her hymn to evening's close—and heaven ;
 Nor wandering lovers then did pour,
 Their whispers on the silvery hour,
 And nought beneath the spreading lime,
 —For this was contemplation's time,
 Was there—save ONE whose thoughts away,
 Were fixed on many an ancient day :
 For 'twas the period when the bell,
 Of yore, loud rose its curfew knell !

Extinguishing each glimmering light,
 Taper, and rush, that cheer'd the night,
 For gloom maintained its dreary power,
 In that long,—long departed hour,
 O'er many a mountain top, and vale,
 Thence borne upon the nightly gale,
 Carrying the loud monastic chime.
 While sounds that formed the busy day,
 In distant echoes died away ;
 And naught, to break the stillness, save,
 Was heard—but vesper strains that gave,
 As from the olden fanes they spread,
 Soft resignation's balm, that led
 Fond hope, to point beyond the gloom,
 When morn should smile, and roses bloom.

I've been upon the mountain's side,
 When twilights thickened round,
 And seen the valley far and wide,
 Wrapt in the gloom profound,
 As from its cottages the light
 Twinkled like stars amid the night,
 Nor friendly voice have heard,
 While searching there, some house to find,
 To shelter from the night's cold wind,
 When, as I wound my dreary way,
 Uncheer'd by evening's latest ray,
 Hope, faithless, seemed to wing her flight,
 And leave me lonely to the night !

But, the loud watch-dog's careful bark,
 Mark'd out my pathway thro' the dark,
 O'er which I anxiously went on,
 To where the kindly tapers shone,
 And found a cot, where welcome spread,
 Her much prized store, and nobly said—
 "Stranger, partake; for ALL is given,
 "By the great bounteous hand of heaven,
 "And here remain, till morning brings,
 "The day upon her silvery wings:"
 Thus, some unlooked for guide hath led
 Me oft times to a humble shed,
 Where kindness threw her balmy power,
 And blessed the swiftly passing hour,
 And I it's bounty shared.

Such, was the Pilgrim's lot of yore,
 Wending to some monastic door,
 His tiresome way; tho' dark, and long,
 Since warm the sun's rich golden beam,
 Took his last farewell of the stream;
 He hears the sweet, the vesper song,
 Swell'd by the Abbey's ancient throng,
 And gains, 'ere sounds the curfew's last,
 Where *charity* spreads her repast,
 Where oft our fathers hied
 To the famed Temples loved so well,
 The music, and its throngs to swell,
 And there in peace have died.

Even where St. Austin's walls display,
 Their ruins in the moon's bright ray,
 'Mid desolation there ;
 Where now the chattering sparrow dwells,
 And batwings find their homely cells,
 Doth age its moulderings spare.
 Tho' oft the Raven, in other times,
 Hath listened to the holy chimes,
 That echoed round its dome ;
 And blending loud his solemn croak,
 With many a sweet and varied note,
 Fixed near thy gates his home :
 Yet *now* his scion never flings
 Around thy walls his sable wings,
 And visits that abode ;
 Where once the yew-trees' dusky shade,
 Hung round thy burying-ground, and glade,
 And gravestones marked the solemn spot,
 Where life's full bustle is forgot,
 Like to this house of God !

Yet VENERATION drops a tear,
 On Time's triumphant impress here,
 And points in language, still unheard,
 But felt, to years it proudly shared,
 The smiles that time and fortune gave,
 In splendours gay, where oft the great
 Repair'd in robes of war, or state,
 With "lady's fayre," who found their way,

Here on many a festal day,
 To this monastic temple's shrine,
 And join'd, in worshiping divine,
 The great, the virtuous, and the brave.

Perchance, beneath the garden's bloom,
 Lies many an unmolested tomb
 Of heroes, once that proudly stood
 And poured their rich, and willing blood,
 To save thee from the invader's might ;
 And *matin* sounds, have here been given,
 Rich, as if they fell from heaven,
 Or midnight hymns the arches rung,
 Swelling from many a tuneful tongue,
 Whose names are lost in time's long night.

Where are the lovely forms that gave
 Themselves to holy deeds, that have
 Like Angels, sought the helpless poor,
 Nor barr'd 'gainst poverty the door,
 And here have prayed that God may bless
 Their works of heaven-stamped righteousness ?
 They're gone !—youth, womanhood, and age,
 Have passed, and well, life's pilgrimage :
 The warrior too, with lofty name,
 The bard, who sang his deeds of fame,
 The host, that cheer'd the hero's fire,
 That blest the poet's ancient lyre,
 Now slumber *all* within the tomb,
 Amid the shade of past years' gloom !

Thus, as I dwelt on scenes of old,
 That scarce in history's page are told,
 Within the bright and lonely walk ;
 While o'er my head, the leafy bower,
 Stretched forth like rows of Angels' wings,
 I spent the musing moonlight hour,
 In fancy's land of revellings,
 And saw the glittering armour shine,
 And pennons wave for Palestine,
 And chivalry's refining day,
 With tokens of its general sway,
 The greyhound and the hawk.

When there, methought, approached a sage,
 Marked with the tread of many an age,
 While on his cloudless brow was seen,
 The lingering signs of olden sheen ;
 With stately steps, drew near and said,
 (Smiling) " young rhymers, thou art here,
 Come then through regions of the dead,
 With me—nor in my guidance fear,
 For, if thou wants to know my name,
 'Tis " RETROSPECTION," and the throng,
 That live within the page of fame,
 The man of thought, the child of song,
 Devotion pay to me.
 And I will lead thee on, when time
 Saw *Pengwerne* flourish in her prime,
 Send forth her fearless ranks to war,

And in the "mutual shout" afar, ⁽³⁾

Beheld the Saxon flee.

"Come, where the circuit of each year,
Presents to view the deeds of men,
The pride of yore shall re-appear,
And on the long forgotten maze,
The crimson torch of war shall blaze,
Her Chieftains live again."

Then thro' the lapse he led the way,

As loud, on times, we heard,

The ancient minstrel sweetly play,

And lead the dancing roundelay,

While all the bright, and vernal glade,

And bower, and zephyr-gathering shade,

Wrapt in their summer robes appeared ;

Or carpeting, with blooms, the ground,

From old "Saint Austin's" grave-yard bound,

To where the western tower

Presented proudly to the view,

The imperial flags that waving threw

The symbols of its power.

Where heroes left their festive halls,

And drew their falchions bright,

Oft on "the ground behind the walls," ⁽⁴⁾

To stem the invader's might,

Led by the clarion's fearless blast,

Or when within the palace gay,

The bard, and hero met ;

To Chorus loud the roundelay,
 As, sparkled bright the coronet,
 Long 'ere it shone its last !

"Come let us haste," he beckoning said
 "While night spreads forth her wing ;
 Along the oaken bright floor tread,
 Amid the chief-like revelling ;
 Where warrior bands have led away,
 Daughters' of 'Powis,' blithe, and gay,
 Unplumed amid the dance—nor vain,
 Hath stole the minstrel's joyous strain,
 Tho' on his harp, a cypress bough,
 Gooms e'en the brightest forehead now ;
 And sorrow flings her sober wand,
 O'er high and low thro' 'Powis land !"

"Come, let us go, the warriors meet,
 Kindly and warm each other greet,
 For custom, now is heard to call
 Her devotees to Pengwerne's hall ;
 And old 'Cynddylan' there will swell,
 The praise of *one*, who lately fell ;
 Not in the battle-field, but died,
 After he turned it's fearful tide.
 And hear the astonish'd minstrel play
 While 'horn,' and song, move round again
 Crowned with a toast from 'Llowarch Hén ;'
 Who forms so sweet the melting lay."

Then, as I thought, the gloaming hour
 Sheeted the vale profound ;
 And night spread forth its dimming power,
 While bowmen, from each strong built tower,
 Came forth to watch around :
 We passed them all, unknown, unseen,
 Nor roused their challenge on the green,
 While rules of duty telling ;
 For there the Alder trees had spread
 Their twining branches over head.
 With now, and then, an antique yew,
 That flung a cheerless—deeper hue :
 From the old *Severn's* rolling flood,
 To where the far-famed Palace stood,
 Yet nought was heard as we drew near,
 To where the cresset-lights appear,
 But tones of music swelling.

We entered, as the glittering throng
 Of Warriors, rose to pay
 Their tributary cheers, that long
 Like thunder burst away,
 To *one*, whose locks were white, and few,
 Proclaimed a bard, and chieftain true ;
 And loud the cheering tempest rung,
 As round, the golden "*Hirlas*" came,
 With "*Llowarchs*," oft repeated name, (5)
 Upon whose breast the gold torques hung.

Yet when the rapturous sounds gave way,
 A minstrel youth began
 The choicest of his tunes to play,
 Infusing as he gently gave,
 To memory's shrine, the mournful strain,
 For quick his fingers ran,
 Wak'ning, amidst the gorgeous train,
 Feelings that never spring in vain,
 Even among the brave.

The Angel tones, at length expire,
 Nor stream upon the year,
 Or more their battle music fling,
 Pregnant with its mountain fire,
 And decked with all the ancient geer ;
 That swelled the princely banquetting.

The Hall was hushed, nor whispers fell,
 But melting eyes, and looks appear,
 Informants of each spirit's cell,
 For unsolicited they tell,
 The cause of every tear ;
 While *sadness* seemed around to place,
 Her languid look in every face ;
 When up the Prince of " Powis land,"
 Arose, and gently waved his hand ;
 Breathless anxiety alone,
 Looked pale at first, but joyous when,
 The purport of his rise was known,

For cheers, repeating, sounded then,
 Like tumult's many tongues, that sends
 A voice, that vale, and mountain rends,
 While echo joins its swift career,
 Bounding sublime both far and near ;
 Thus, when reposing calms maintain,
 Their rule upon the noiseless main,
 And sleeps the " world of waters " still,
 As the old mountain's summer rill,
 That scarcely its meandering way,
 Is seen to go—or moonbeams play,
 Upon the pastures green, and fling
 Their bright beams to the fairy ring,
 Where, oft the old folks said, " 'twas plain,
 They heard the fay's unearthly strain ;
 But should some sad unlooked for shower,
 Break up the sweetly pictured hour,
 Such as we oftentimes have seen,
 Fall on a blooming tranquil scene,
 By the loud thunder's solemn call,
 From glassy lake to waterfall ;
 'Twas so e'en now—his deep voice fell,
 Kindly, but faltered more !
 And pitying eyes, seemed there to tell,
 He spoke not so before ;
 And tho' a tear, uncalled for came,
 It tarnished not his princely name,
 For true affection holds in thrall,
 The hearts of peasants, princes, all !

And thus he stood, while banners spread
 Their folds above his honoured head,
 And round his brow, was brightly seen,
 The coronet's unsullied sheen ;
 While every glance was fixed on him,
 As there he nobly took
 The " Horn," and filled it to the brim ;
 And thus the princely chieftain spoke.—

" Peace to the grave where ALLWEN sleeps,
 When summer warms, or winter sweeps,
 The mountain's lonely breast ;
 Or echo, in the dingle's hall,
 Laughs, 'mid the plashing waterfall,
 Peaceful, may *Allwen* rest !
 He led the conquering legion forth,
 He fell ! nor chief of greater worth,
 Moulders within the grave ;
 Peace to the *cairn*, where now he sleeps,
 When summer smiles, and winter sweeps :
 ALLWEN, the brave ! the brave ! !"

So said, he poured the amber stream,
 In memory of the hero wild,
 Who, in many a battle's gleam,
 Gained for himself, a name supreme,
 Tho' but a peasant's child ;
 That from the speary ranks had rose,
 To lead his brethren on—where fame,

Pointed to deeds, that owned his name,
Around where *Tern*, or *Severn*, flows.

They drank, and struck the golden horn,
Upon the sounding board—for all, ⁽⁶⁾
Thought of the untimely Allwen's fall,
As scenes by recollection borne,
O'er every heart maintained a spell ;
'Mid shouts, that rung the banner'd hall,
Like to the torrent's roar it fell.
Till distant *warders* caught the cheer,
While leaning on the polished spear,
That ready seemed, for morning's light,
To meet the foe's invading might.

Thus, while many a glance imparts,
The tear, that speaks of aching hearts,
Of unreturning scenes gone by,
And friends, that live in memory
Alone,—yet oft we love the power,
That brings, tho' painful, back the hour,
When living we rejoiced to be,
Found in each other's company.

So fancy's bright created train,
'Woke, for again the harper's strain
Was heard, and soon a rapturous call,
Rung through the crowded festival,
Exclaiming thus,—“ a song ! a song ! ”

From a fair youth, who joined the throng,
 And in compliance with desire,
 The minstrel touched again the lyre,
 That fingering preparation gave,
 And silence reigned, nor whispers ran,
 When thus, with gentle voice began,
 A youthful poet, bold, and gay,
 Famed for a well-made roundelay,
 He sang at ALLWEN'S grave !

SONG.

" Sweet, sweet, is the young hero's rest,
 Tho' he slumbers within the cold ground ;
 And his memory for ever is blest,
 While *fame*, with her battle-wrought crest,
 Sits guarding his pillow around.

The bard shall long sing of his deeds,
 And the warrior shall weep o'er his grave ;
 While his country shall spread forth her meeds,
 And the pennons he bore yet shall wave,
 The renown of their chieftain so brave.

As they flap in the wind's battle-breath,
 Or hang in this old regal hall ;
 Encircled with victory's wreath,
 His name, more true pleasure shall call,
 Than 'mirth' in the gay festival.

From the Oak, let a chaplet be wove,
 And green o'er his silent bed laid,
 By those whom the young hero loved,
 And the Willow cast forth her dim shade,
 Where remembrance her haunt now has made.

May the 'torques,' that he won, long remain,
 Emblazoning the archives of fame;
 And the rowels he wore on the plain,
 With the trophies that crowned when he came,
 From the field that oft echoed his name.

Then, fill up the 'hirlas' again,
 Let the sparkling metheglin pass round,
 And a cheer, with a draught entertain,
 The name of our Allwen, profound,
 Till ages unborn catch the sound!

For sweet, is the young hero's rest,
 Tho' he slumbers within the cold ground,
 And his memory for ever is blest,
 While fame, with her battle wrought crest,
 Sits guarding his pillow around."

The young bard finished well his song,
 When loud the enthusiastic sound,
 Its deep, and soul-felt thunder flung,—
 For cheers renewed the tribute long,
 And swelled sublimely round.

Cheers, for the hero's deeds,—his fall,
 The frequent sigh, the heart's tale spoke,
 When thus, again a second call,
 The hum of conversation broke.

For *one*, an elder chronicler,
 Selected, calmly to rehearse,
 Bold ALLWEN's rise and fall, in verse,
 'Mong those who saw his bright career.
 So then a "blue robed poet" warm, (7)
 Rose and prolonged the cheering storm ;
 While dangling on his breast was seen
 Also the hero's golden sheen ;
 Recording o'er each deed and path
 That life, in all its windings hath ;
 Mellowed by age, his full voice gave
 Strength to his elegiac stave ;
 And on the ear it kindly fell
 Like the brook-echoes of a dell ;
 For silence and attention round
 Reigned in the crowded hall profound,
 As thus the biographic lay
 He gave of Allwen and his day. (8)

" He was a cottage youth, was born
 Upon the sloping daisy hill
 Where streamed the cheering rays of morn,
 And echo, with its mountain horn
 Fell bounding on the lonely rill ;

The lines of manhood on his brow
 Had scarcely opened to the view,
 When o'er the vale was heard to blow

The Clarion's fearless blast and true;
 And summoned were each trusty band
 From hill and plain, thro' ' Powis land.'

" So from his home, the boy bedight
 Went forth to join the border fight;
 Deadly his aim—for in his eye
 Vengeance shot forth—tho' on his tongue
 Lingered a careless mountain song,
 As if unconscious of the fate
 His Sire had met; when forth elate
 He left the shelvey hillocks' side
 To join the battle's rushing tide;
 His home, and each domestic joy,
 Ne'er to return,—but still the boy
 Treasur'd those scenes, tho' long since gone,
 When he, a father's smile had known;
 For oft he'd linger 'round the cot,
 And fancy that his accents came,
 Such as he then had not forgot,
 For memory brought again the same;
 His panting heart would glowing beat
 To mingle in the frequent strife,
 And join the trusty ranks;—his life
 Devoted to the CAUSE which shed
 A lustre round his parent's head:

For when he fell his all was given,
 And laid upon his country's shrine;
 And VALOUR blest the deed, while heaven
 Crowned him with freedom's light divine.

Thus on the 'grounds behind the wall'
 The stripling joined the muster call,
 Where chieftains with their spurs of gold,
 Rode on their chargers proud and bold;
 And 'Pengwerne's' noblest blood appears
 Encircled with a host of spears.
 For summoned round the forces came,
 Ere on the battle-march each man
 Eager to meet the foe began,
 For then the war sound swell'd the gale,
 And preparation filled each vale;
 And with the prancing chargers' neigh,
 A mountain girl was heard to say:—

"The stranger Saxon did destroy
 My father, yet my brother boy
 Retains the spirit of his Sire,
 And in his heart the quenchless fire
 Shall nerve his youthful arm to wield
 The same bright falchion on the field;
 And those, my hill-side home bereft,
 Shall find a scion yet is left,
 Worthy of Allwen's name."

And quick the eager ranks attended,
 By the announcing trumpet's blast,
 That round its flickering music cast,
 Where hearts and hopes were blended ;
 While animation marked so bright
 - The hero's hardy brow with light.

There on the peopled crowded green,
 Many a fond approving look,
 And beating heart, and tears I ween
 That dew'd the greensward there unseen,
 Their farewell glances took ;
 And fathers stood with locks of grey,
 To watch their soldier-sons away.

At length is heard the music's strain,
 Pouring its sweeping volume o'er,
 The signal of the princely train
 Approaching, while the cheers again
 Unequalled scarce of yore,
 Repeating rose from every part,
 For *all* had loyalty at heart.
 While high majestic o'er the glade,
 Proudly the ' Pengwerne' banner played ;
 And many a hero 'neath its fold,
 Was oft the chance of battle told ;
 And kissed it, ere with anxious breath,
 He fell upon the field of death !

But to pursue—in state before
 The regal band that came along,
 Three golden swords were gaily bore
 By chieftains' sons, and freedom's song.
 From every voice, in crowd, or line,
 And speaking hearts there seemed to say,
 Unmindful of the threatening fray,
 Or the dread Saxons' growing sway,
 ' Powis and liberty are mine!'

Now hush'd was every cheering sound,
 The birds almost forgot their lay,
 And all look'd steady and profound,
 Tho' twining wreaths and favours round,
 Made it like a bridal day ;
 As thus *Cynddylan's* famed behest,
 Fell in each attentive breast.

" That man or chief, who ere will bring
 Captive my foe, the Saxon king ;
 Or the proud leader, who has been
 So oft upon the battle green—

The SANNIER, firm and wild :
 Whether amid the ranks he bear
 The bright, tho' undistinguished spear,
 And cottage born, or if his name
 Be fixed upon the scroll of fame,
 And cradled in a hall, he's blest
 Long with a proud ancestral crest ;

And fortune's favourite child
 Shall wear the 'chain of honour,' and (9)
 Be high renowned thro' 'Powis land,'
 Dwell at my court, and near my side;
 To crown the whole, his 'Ladye bride'
 Shall be fair MEDLAN, long time sought
 By princes that have nobly fought;
 And all my daughter's vasty dower
 Shall bless the hero of that hour:
 LLOWARCH the bold, shall give away

This sacred pledge, and distant time
 Shall look on this important day,
 When at my country's shrine I lay
 All that is dear and loved on earth,
 For *he* whom freedom names as worth
 To fix within her lofty dome,
 For generations yet to come,

In characters sublime;
 And on his crest inscribed shall be,
 'MEDLAN AND PENGWERNE'S LIBERTY.'"

Thus said, the cheers so loudly given,
 Repeating made the welkin ring;
 And, like an angel form from heaven,
 The Lady rode from wing to wing,
 On a small palfrey, gay and white;
 While round her ringlets' curling jet,
 Sparkled the Pengwerne coronet;
 And on her lovely heaving breast,

Blazed forth her rich and starry crest ;
 Thus she departed from the sight,
 With her fair train, the sweetest band
 That dwell'd in all the " Powis land."

Where was the boy, when thus the scene
 Engaged the eyes of all the brave ?
 Oh ! at a neighbouring quiet green,
 Kneeling beside his father's grave !
 Paying the last visit, ere away,
 He mingled in the coming fray ;
 For hallowed is the time we spend
 In meditation 'mong the dead,
 Where some dear relative, or friend,
 Silent below is laid !
 While fancy, brings their form to view,
 Lovely as ever, blithe and true !

And if we leave our home, away
 We take a last lone look, but who
 Can tell of recollection's sway,
 Save by a dropping tear, or two,
 That falls unnoticed there ?
 Altho' the chainless spirit now
 Doth round her ærial mantle throw ;
 Thus, whom we still admiring love,
 Is sent the *lone one* to defend,
 A guardian angel from above,

And all his mazy steps attend,
From regions bright and fair.

So thought the youth and o'er the ground
These accents tremblingly broke around,

“ If spirits have the power to guide,
In peace, or war, oh may be found,

My father at my side ;
And then, the Saxon's threatened sway,
May find a check, and I may give
Cause for the bards enraptured lay,
And freedom soon perceive ;
Her banners waving bright afar,
In victory's triumphal car.”

The “yew bow,” on his shoulder slung,

And at his side a Rapier bright,
He joined the enthusiastic throng,
Who, marching, chorus'd loud the song,
Of many a glorious by-gone fight.

Then to the far and dangerous plain,

’Tween *Ercal's* vale, and “ *Wrecon's*” towers, ⁽¹⁰⁾

Each chieftain led his dauntless train,

Unmindful of the foeman's powers ;
Tho' then, 'twas said, the Saxon host,
A portion of the *Tren* had crossed,

And fixed their banners there :
Waving defiance, as they spread,
Their folds supremely overhead,
Upon the moving air.

And thus the evening hour had worn,
 When, in the dimming distance, they
 Beheld them prodigally borne
 On the chill breath of fading day,
 And many a crest, the breeze unfurled,
 Revealing oft some hero's name,
 Whose deeds were echoed thro' the world,
 And written on the page of fame.

They gained the field when night's grey fall,
 Silvered both vale and brook,
 While sang the owl in her leafy hall,
 And the watch-dog's bay, and trumpet's call,
 The quiet gloaming broke.
 And lonely was the evening round,
 For *silence*, with her wand supreme,
 The ærial dancing echoes bound,
 Nor from their rocky haunts were found,
 To chorus then the limpid stream.

At length the lingering night had worn
 Away its watch, the skies appear
 Wrapped in their robes of grey, when morn
 Shook her young locks, tho' late forlorn,
 And listened to the Chanticleer.

That faithful sentinel of yore,
 Who loudly cheered both hill and vale,
 That lives in old tradition's lore, ⁽¹¹⁾

And to the pastoral strain, did pour,
His life fraught lay, and morning tale.

The first thin ray of silver light,
Had scarce unveiled day's heaven-fraught smile,
When Pengwerne's choicest banner bright,
That long had braved the invaders might,
The foreman did beguile ;
For on a bardic motto bold,
Shone bright, in characters of gold,
'Twas *fame* bestowed the meed ;
For many a brave and warrior deed,
With it had been unfurled :
And there emblazoning seemed to say,
While flapping on the early day,
“ *Truth ! truth against the world.*” (12)

The loud confusing battle's sound,
Now broke upon the distant ear,
The clarion sent its voice profound,
And woke the deathful charge around,
For each man did appear,
As if upon his single power,
The *cause* of all depended,
And in the dreadful passing hour,
Each well his hold defended :
Tho' ere the noontide hour had fled,
There lay upon the valley green,
Banner, and torque of those who bled,

And many a well known warrior bred,
 Met there his fate I ween :
 For backwards from their posts were driven,
 Bretons, who never shrunk before,
 Their plans, and best arrangements riven,
 And they to whose command was given,
 Each chief position, were no more !
 And valour wept, it then was said,
 To see her long fam'd heroes dead.

Thus evening closed upon the field
 Where "carnage" round her spoils had strewn,
 And many a chieftain forced to yield
 With broken sword, and dented shield,
 Tho' brave awhile he them did wield
 For old Cynddylan's throne.
 Yet the departing hour of day,
 Looked calmly on the spangled earth,
 And seemed to bless it with its ray,
 As if unconscious of the fray,
 Or what had caused its birth :
 For if such blessings heaven bestows,
 'Tis shared alike by friends and foes.

The young moon kindly threw her beams
 Mildly, to cheer the troubled hour,
 The "Tren" and old "Sabrina's" streams,
 Looked lovely in her silver gleams,

And hope smiled yet on Wrecon's tower ;
 While in a neighbouring pasture green,
 A conference of chiefs were seen ;
 For thus a bardic prince whose soul
 Ne'er bowed—tho' now the chance control
 Of battle, gave the Saxons sway,
 Success the one preceding day ;
 Whose only son a chief was slain
 That evening on the fateful plain,
 While rushing 'mid the invading host,
 To gain a royal banner lost.
 He stood beneath the sylvan shade
 Of the green oak, whose foliage made
 One mighty chaplet for his brow,
 While honour crowned his locks of snow,
 Urging his faithful followers on
 To the death struggle, when the sun
 Should break upon the morning's gloom,
 And gain their freedom, or a tomb !
 The bristling rapiers quickly told
 By the loved moon's descending ray,
 Each heart was yet as ever bold,
 And ready for the coming day :
 Tho' scarcely had his accents died
 So sweetly on the attentive ear,
 And the undaunted band replied,
 Ere some in sorrowing silence dried
 Fond recollection's tear ;

But not from quailing hearts they came,
 For slain affections wrought the same.
 When in the air an eaglet's note,
 Loud in the clammy distance broke,
 Returning from his feast away,
 Where many a fallen hero lay,

 And round presaging tones doth send ;
 For Pengwerne's regal crests had long
 Unfurled its flying Eagle to, ⁽¹²⁾
 And the unconquered emblem flung,
 Like a resistless tide among

 Its power against the invading foe,
 Riding upon the strong wind's breath,
 O'er fields of slaughter and of death.
 Or when the olive branch had spread
 Its balmy influence, and shed

 Around the land its breathing power ;
 Near to the far-fam'd palace gate,
 Or on the rude uplifted tower,
 The Eagle calmly waved in state,
 While in his mouth, the leaves were seen
 Of the denoting olive green,
 That strife was at an end.

“ Tradition,” spoke this omen good,
 For while they heard with listening mood
 The lonely sounds that fell,
 The rays of confidence impart

Their timely aid, to sinking hearts,
 As if by some strange spell ;
 And thus revigour'd for the fray,
 They watched with eager haste the day.

* * * *

Near to the margin of a wood,
 Shadow'd from out the distant view,
 There lived of "misirs" royal blood,
 CYNDRWN of "Powis," brave and good, (13)
 Amid his subjects true ;
 Within the famous *Tren*, where oft
 The luscious "mead" was made and quaff'd,
 Of which the hero proudly spoke,
 And minstrels tuned a sweeter note,
 As 'round the festive table borne,
 They filled the long famed "hirlas horn,"
 But he had gone ! and rumour said,
 In the bard's long renowned lay,
 Glory ne'er crowned a nobler head,
 Nor greater warrior ere had bled,
 Than he who passed away
 His life in this retreat ;—but now
 Lies cold, and motionless below !
 And there the encircling streamlet wound
 Its bright career, while near its side
 The grazing herds were oftentimes found,
 Roaming the milky pastures round,
 Or drinking at its tide.

While pastoral joys did smiling bless
This scene of peace and loveliness.

Where the proud foes had led their way,
Triumphant on the previous day,
And o'er the bodies of the slain,
Became sole masters of the plain,
Up from the river's verge to where

The WRECON's unsoiled banners played,
Blithely upon the morning air ;

For thus the Saxon leader said—
“ Our power already strikes the throne,
That old Cynddylan sits upon ;
And now we hold within our hand
The gate of ancient Powis land ;

And further yet may say,
If we undaunted are and bold,
Pengwerne itself will be our hold,
Before the closing day.”

But, hark ! the clarion's deathful sound,
Wakes terribly the charge around,
For now the undaunted chieftains bring
Their hosts, while british heroes sing

An old and famous bardic lay ;
That over heath and mount was sung,
While minstrels, as they went along,
Their favourite Telyns' tightly strung,
The measured tones to play ;

For home and freedom seemed to pour
 Their charm in that important hour !

Thus as the battle raged, the plain,
 Again, was covered with the slain ;
 And in the desperate struggle, most
 Of Breton's choicest sons were lost !
 When from the shady "Tren" there came
 A youth, unknown to rank, or fame,
 Swift on a mountain colt he flew,
 And *on* his faithful followers drew,
 A band of youths, the valley's pride,
 Who came to turn the battle's tide,
 Or perish in their streaming gore,
 For each a *sire* had lost before :
 And some there said, the by gone day,
 This youth had nobly fought his way,
 And while the contest lasted, strove
 To bring his friends, in field, or grove,
 Back to the charge,—and bravely took,
 Tho' victory for a time forsook
 The Breton ranks ; a pennon bright
 That waved in many a Saxon fight,
 And fearless 'mid wars sad alarms,
 He fought—a prodigy in arms.

Thus forth they rushed, the maddening shower
 Of arrows, told their fateful power,

And on the heath, in vale or fields,
 The sounds were heard of chattering shields;
 Till when the dial told mid day,
 The Saxons, panic struck, gave way!
 And the youth led where victory's breath,
 Rose high the tempest shouts of death,
 While many a torque he gained;
 Tho "Elvan" there and "Caeog" fell! (14)
 And kindred heroes to whose knell
 The early battle-shout had been,
 That fell on mountain, stream, or green;
 And heart's blood many a falchion stained.
 But now to crown his deeds, he went
 Quick to the Saxons royal tent,
 Fighting his way, tho' Sannier met
 Him bravely as a hero should,
 And well the mountain youths withstood.

But like the Earth's convulsive breast
 That moves, and then some tranquil scene,
 Where high renown hath fixed her rest;
 And cities, temples, plains, long blest,
 By ages that have been,
 Fall into ruins: while the years
 Of pride and glory disappear.

So was the stream of fortune turned,
 For he, who proudly Bretons spurned,

But yester morn, renowned and brave,
Fell 'neath the stroke that Állwen gave.

Such is the fate of war, the power
That triumphs but the passing hour,
Are but illusive dreams, and made
Like sun-set beams that smile, and fade.

Thus said the bard, whose gladden'd look,
Seemed to essay of that dread time,
When he amid the slaughter took,
The famed, and golden torque sublime :
The fire of other days, again

Lit up his eye, his warm blood ran,
Blooming his cheek, while memory's train
Brought forth the once contested plain,
Where the bold feat was done.

And like a gathering summer cloud,
Sprinkles with verdure, field, and bower,
He stood—so chieftain-like, and proud,
While cheers re-echoing, broke aloud
That long remember'd hour :
For thus, so sweet, he poured his strain,
Upon the attentive throng again.

“ And then the ladye blithe and gay—
Fair MEDLAN, went the first sad day, .

To view the struggling battle scene,
 For valour walked the dangerous green ;
 Where ' HAUGHMOND's ' hill, stretched out on high,
 Seemed to caress the bending sky,
 She wound her way—her palfrey trod,
 Nimble the green and upland sod ;
 While the long tresses of her hair,
 Bound by a golden head-band shone,
 Bright as the evening sun alone,
 That gilds time's own majestic throne ;
 The druid's haunt,—the mountain's fair !

And in her train, a minstrel young,
 Oft trilled his simple roundelay,
 And maidens joined him when he sang,
 Ere the low breezes bore along
 The terrors of the day.

The shield and "blue blade" loudly sent
 Their sounds afar, while bow-strings threw
 Their dread voice, like the element,
 That pours its wintry breath anew.

As from the distant height, her eye
 Beheld contending pennons fly,
 And host, 'midst rushing host, give play,
 Till evening closed the hard fought day.

A tear would dim her angel glance,
 The colour fly her beauteous cheek,
 While, with an anxious look, perchance,
 Thro' shining rapiers, spear, and lance,
 She would her chieftains' seek.

The war sounds ceased : the gloamings fell :
 Stretched on the plain—when sudden round,
 Near to a deep sequestered dell,
 Where echoes chime their endless knell ;
 Like one eternal sound.

The footfall of a steed was heard,
 And quickly on the Lady's view,
 A youth, with patriot look appeared,
 Who from the battle flew.

And as he passed, he bar'd his head,
 While thus in confidence he said,
 " The frown of fortune now is seen
 On Pengwerne's liberties—but morn
 Shall find us steady on the green,
 Faithful, as sounds the battle horn,
 And ere the day-beams leave the sky,
 Sannier shall fall, or Allwen die !"

Then from the view, the flagged steed,
 Galloped away : the rowels told,

While at the topmost of his speed,
 The rider, was a horseman bold.
 So proud, as if the voice of fame
 Had blessed him, with a chieftain's name ;
 And died upon the distance soon,
 The hurried noise when silence lay,
 On the now faded afternoon,
 Crowned by the sun's departed ray ;
 Save where the whispering zephyrs flee,
 Thro' ghost-like walk, or sacred tree.

" Strange," quoth the Princess, " that so young
 A youth, should thus his ardour prove,
 With friends, nor kindred, famed in song,
 To lead his opening mind along,—
 Or dwell in halls where chieftain's grey,
 Chorus the frequent roundelay ;
 And where the patriot fine imparts
 Its warmth to high and beating hearts ;
 Such unexampled—country love !

" Humble, he seems, but still his eye,
 Reveals the loftiness of soul,
 As if some favouring destiny,
 Intended that this youth should have,
 Power, and well deserved controul ;
 That *he*, in danger's hour might save,
 With ' Pengwerne's' brave undaunted band,
 The sceptre yet of Powis land."

Thus, thoughts of ALLWEN, seemed to bind
 Their twining influence o'er her mind.

* * * *

Again, is heard the muster call
 On the famed "grounds behind the wall,"
 While joy lights up the glorious scene,
 Tho' on the blooming pastures some
 Welcomed with tears, the heroes home,
 And met them on the green ;
 Bewailing not what they had done,
 In breaking of the Saxons' might,
 But that in this contested fight ;
 Many a fond devoted son
 And parent fell : or trusty swain,
 Who left some tender heart behind,
 To seek him 'mongst the coming train,
 And there forlorn, at length to find,
 Her hopes and wishes vain !

The conscious steed looked trim and gay,
 That stemm'd the unexampled fray,
 And many a chieftain, firm, and bold,
 Came proudly on with spurs of gold,
 Leading each tried and famous band ;
 That featly in the strife were found,
 While heart-born-shouts upon the land,
 Echoed from low and raising ground.

And many a chaplet green, went forth
 To crown alone the man of worth ;
 And yew-trees, tho' of dimming shade,
 Hung brightly on the joyous glade,
 As from their sable branches high,
 Favours, were sweetly seen to fly ;
 The Hymn of gladness loudly fell,
 Divine in each monastic cell,
 For many a sacred dome, 'tis said,
 Prayed stoutly for the heroes dead,
 Tho' yet, each varied Temple throng,
 Pour'd loud their thankful strain along,
 While rapture beaming seemed to trace
 Her way in each delighted face.

For music softly held its sway,
 O'er tangled walk and rustic bower,
 Blessing with its lyric power,
 The long anticipated hour ;
 More than a saintly " holy-day."

When on the view, young Allwen came,
 Leading his rustic train, and they
 Who from their cottage-homes away—
 Had each maintained a father's name.

The herald's 'woke their stormy blast,
 The minstrels touched their every string,

The Tabor's sounds were loudly cast,
 As the long glittering line at last,
 Fronted, and dressed, from wing to wing.

"Llowarch," was there, with locks of grey,
 Hero, and bard, at Allwen's side ;
 The youth that bravely fought his way,
 But who the recent muster-day,
 Was there unknown : tho' fortune's tide,
 Deign'd him a Princess for his bride.

Thus on a charger bold he sat,—
 His visage pale,—his grey attire,
 Seemed to express a station that
 The feudal days alone begat,
 When bold atchievement ne'er could find,
 Its nursery in a peasant's mind ;
 Or actions such as his impart,
 Life to a nation's sinking heart ;
 For which the minstrel tuned his lyre.

In ringlets fell his raven hair,
 A torque hung dangling on his breast, (15)
 His dimpled cheek, and forehead bare,
 Displayed the marks of recent care ;
 And mothers, while they looked, they blessed,
 And maidens smiled ; that so much fame,
 Should now adorn his humble name,

While loud they frequent did exclaim,
 Genius is cultivated there !

Now, thro' the alder's mantling shade,
 Is seen the courtly cavalcade ;
 Winding its way, the timbrel sound,
 Strikes on the echoing space around,
 While from the telyn's golden strings, (16)
 Reviving music breathing rings
 Her sole creating tones ; and flings
 O'er every heart her spell.

While "MEDLAN," with her train so gay,
 Came prancing o'er the cowslip way,
 Led by her sire "Cynddylan" brave,
 For there the Lady's hand he gave,
 And this became her bridal-day.
 So while he took the gentle band,
 They seemed like fays, on "fairy-land ;"
 To where the wondering youth alighted,
 Eyes, sparkling shone, were more delighted,
 Than ere description's power,
 Pencil'd from fancy's brightest store,
 Or bardic song can tell.
 And bells re-echoing flung their chime,
 To swell this long famed wedding time.

'Twas said the Lady heard with pleasure
 The *name* whom fortune smiled upon,

Nor wished herself a greater treasure,
 For, remembering still the day,
 When she saw him haste away,
 From the battle ranks to bring,
 When Pengwerne's hopes were withering;
 His blithe untutored host that sent
 Destruction to the Saxon's tent;
 She loved him even then,—but now,
 Tho' yet ungarlanded his brow,
 She loved him more, and smiled that fate
 Should make her lord and chief in state,
 Of once a peasant's son.

Thus on a palfrey white, she drew
 Amid the admiring chiefs she knew,
 While shouts of gladness fill'd the air,
 And many a veteran dropt a tear,
 That joy from pleasure's fountain drew;
 As round the young chief's neck she flung
 The golden "chain of honour;" and
 Placed a bright pennon in his hand,
 That o'er the boldest warrior's hung,
 While on his brow was proudly seen,
 Composed of flowers, and ever-green,
 As if they had been gently borne,
 From plenty's sweetly pictured horn;
 A chaplet glittering, twined so fair,
 Around the ringlets of his hair,
 Was placed by Lady Medlan there.

The trophies of the recent fray,
 Upon the velvet pasture lay,
 And there uplifted from the glade,
 Was seen the Saxon chieftain's head :
 His pennon drooping o'er his brow,
 Waved not as oft, in triumph *now* !
 The eye, that scann'd the battle throng
 Was dim, and silent lay the tongue,
 That gave the high behest afar,
 Where flowed the crimson tide of war. !

Then as the Pengwerne host beheld
 It laid before "Cynddylan's" feet,
 The shouts of joy were not withheld,
 For every heart its tribute gave,
 In the renewing cheers that sent
 Their glad sounds thro' the firmament,
 While each exclaimed, they ne'er could have
 A triumph more complete ;
 And many a thankful strain was given
 To Allwen, providence, and heaven. !

Then to the regal hall they haste,
 Where the "ale of tren" was flowing,
 And the warriors' circling feast,
 On the old round table spread,
 While thoughts on those who nobly bled,
 But now on freedom's hallow'd plain,

Unconscious of the festive strain,
 Would seem to say, "the last time here
 You met, the bardic song and cheer
 Was choruss'd loud by those now sleeping
 Silently, where alders fling
 Their shade, like twilight's silver wing,
 When in the morning dew 'tis steeping ;
 Ere the eastern hills are seen,
 Brightly in their native green,
 With the sun's warm beams a glowing."

But pleasure's now inspiring tide,
 Lays every painful thought aside,
 And the minstrel's courtly lay,
 Scales it's loud and lofty way,
 For ALLWEN and his Ladye bride ;
 While songs of victory swell'd the meeting,
 Save when the magic dance went round,
 Or freedom, dwelling in the sound,
 Of chieftains fondly greeting :
 And every heart rejoiced to view
 The pledge redeemed, Cynddylan gave,
 Ere his host of warriors true,
 Summon'd by the trumpet's call,
 Left the grounds behind the wall,
 Their honour and his throne to save.

So thus united, many a day
 He mingled with the warrior throng,

Within this ancient hall, his sway,
 Was such that many a bard hath sung.
 But like a bursting flower to bloom,
 The youthful warrior soon decayed,
 As if 'twas so arranged by fame,
 That *he* who gave the world a name,
 By deeds immortal made ;
 Should leave himself that bright renown,
 May hand his great example down,
 That ages yet to come
 May toast him at their feasts, and fill
 The goblet high, as here we have,
 To Allwen's unexampled skill,
 Peace to the memory of the brave. !

His pennon bore the circling gloom,
 Beneath the oak's thick branching shade,
 And waved in sorrow o'er the tomb,
 Where the undaunted youth was laid ;
 And on his grave the planted bough
 Of rosemary, is blooming now. !

There oft at morn, or close of day,
 When pour'd the moon her sacred ray,
 MEDLAN was found with tearful eye,
 Alone: tho' some in youth and age
 Performed their daily pilgrimage,
 To where his ashes lie !

Thus sleep together side by side,
 The peasant sire,—the princely son !
 Who was entombed with all the pride
 That regal Pengwerne could betide,
 When his golden sand had run ;
 And his name renowned shall be
 With “ Medlan fair, and liberty.”

Such was the bard’s historic lay,
 As round the hall repeating cheers
 Poured their soul fraught sounds away,
 And the brightly falling tears,
 Gave proof of recollection’s sway.

When, before my anxious view,
 Fancy’s enraptured scene decayed
 With “ *Retrospection*,” guardian shade !
 And then the QUARRY’S lime trees threw
 Their lofty tresses, green, and fair,
 While sweetly on the twilight air
 The lark’s gay matin, blithe was borne,
 Welcoming to earth the morn. !

NOTES.

(1) Page 2, Line 4.

The "*shrine of fame*" here mentioned, alludes to the renowned shrine of "Saint Winifrede" in the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury. It was the object of great attraction to Pilgrims and others, during what is termed the middle ages.

(2) Page 2, Line 12.

In the Monastery of Saint Mary's, the site of which is situate between the Wyle Cop and the Council House, or the Castle, (though not a vestige of it is now to be seen), one of the Queens of England remained during her accouchment. Where the young Duke of York (who was murdered in the Tower by order of his uncle, Richard III.,) was born. And where, in a more recent period, the chief Officers and men of distinction that fell in the "Battle of Shrewsbury" were buried: of course those only who were on the side of the Monarch; as no rebel would receive the funeral rite at the hands of the Clergy at that time.

(3) Page 14, Line 1.

This is merely a quotation from Llowarch Hên.

(4) Page 14, Line 24.

"*The ground behind the walls*" was originally the space of land *without* the walls, and yet within the

Bridges ; the principal portion of which reached from "Saint Austin's Priory" to the Monastery of "Saint Julian's," where now stands Shrewsbury's far-famed promenade, the "Quarry;" and the adjoining fields also.

(5) Page 16, Line 26.

"*Llowarch Hen*,"—the old Cumbrian Prince and Poet, whose Elegy on Cynddylan is so often referred to in this work.

(6) Page 20, Line 4.

This is descriptive of the custom at that period, among the Britons, especially, of shewing to the Assembly when the "Hirlas Horn" passed around to the memory of some deceased warrior,—that it was heartily emptied of its contents.

(7) Page 3, Line 29.

"*A Blue robed Poet*," or as Llowarch Hên has it—"Blue sons of Contemplation." It may be supposed that the Bards are meant; as the general dress of the order was unicolour of sky blue. So says Mr. Owen, the excellent translator of the old hero's poems.

(8) Page 23, Line 22.

The reader will perceive that here in reality commences the Tale, by the customary call being made for one of the old bardic chroniclers to rehearse the great actions that were accomplished by the deceased chief before the congregated warriors.

(9) Page 28, Line 2.

"*The chain of honour*" was a Badge of the very first distinction, as appears from the following quotation:—"Cynddylan, the obstinate pillar of his country —the obstinate toiler in the conflict that wore the chain

of honour—the defender of Trén—the patrimony of his sire.

(10) Page 30, Line 20.

“*’Tween Ercal’s vale and Wrecon’s towers.*” The scene of this contest, the reader will observe, is supposed to have taken place on the plain between Wroxeter and High Ercal, as the latter named locality also was of considerable importance by having a place in the Elegy referred to, thus:—“The sod of Ercal is on the ashes of fierce men, of the progeny of Morial. And “Wrecon” (now Wroxeter) was demolished about that time, as it is evident that Llowarch Hên resided there for some time by the following:—“Have not I gazed from the high placed city of Wrecon, on the verdant vale of Freuer with grief, for the destruction of my social friends.”

(11) Page 31, Line 26.

What is meant by the Chanticleer living in “*tradition’s lore*,” is, that many a tale in the olden time has been told respecting him, and even at the present day an opinion is very prevalent in our rural districts that by a cock crowing in the night-time a funeral in the neighbourhood is foretold,—while no less absurd is another, that when he crows in the morning, Ghosts and Apparitions immediately disappear.

(12) Page 32, Line 15.

“Y Gwir yn erbin y Byd,” or “*Truth against the world*!” was a favourite motto, not only amongst the Druids as appears from the early historical “Triades,” but also with british bards and heroes in all ages.

(13) Page 32, Line 15.

It is very probable from the frequent mention in Llowarch Hên of the “*Eagle of Pengwern*,” that it

formed the crest of the Princes of Powys-land, while it remained a portion of the kingdom of ancient Britain.

(14) Page 26, Line 8.

"*Cyndron of Powis.*" This Monarch appears to have been the father of Cynddylan, whose residence was at TREN, a Town that once stood on the banks of the river "Tern," in Shropshire. It was also famous for its beverage according to the following testimony which the old bard adduces:—"I have been made drunk with the mead of Tren;"—a fine admission certainly for the ears of a Teetotaler in this age.

(15) Page 39, Line 8.

"*Elvan and Caeog*" were brothers to Prince Cynddylan.

(16) Page 46, Line 20.

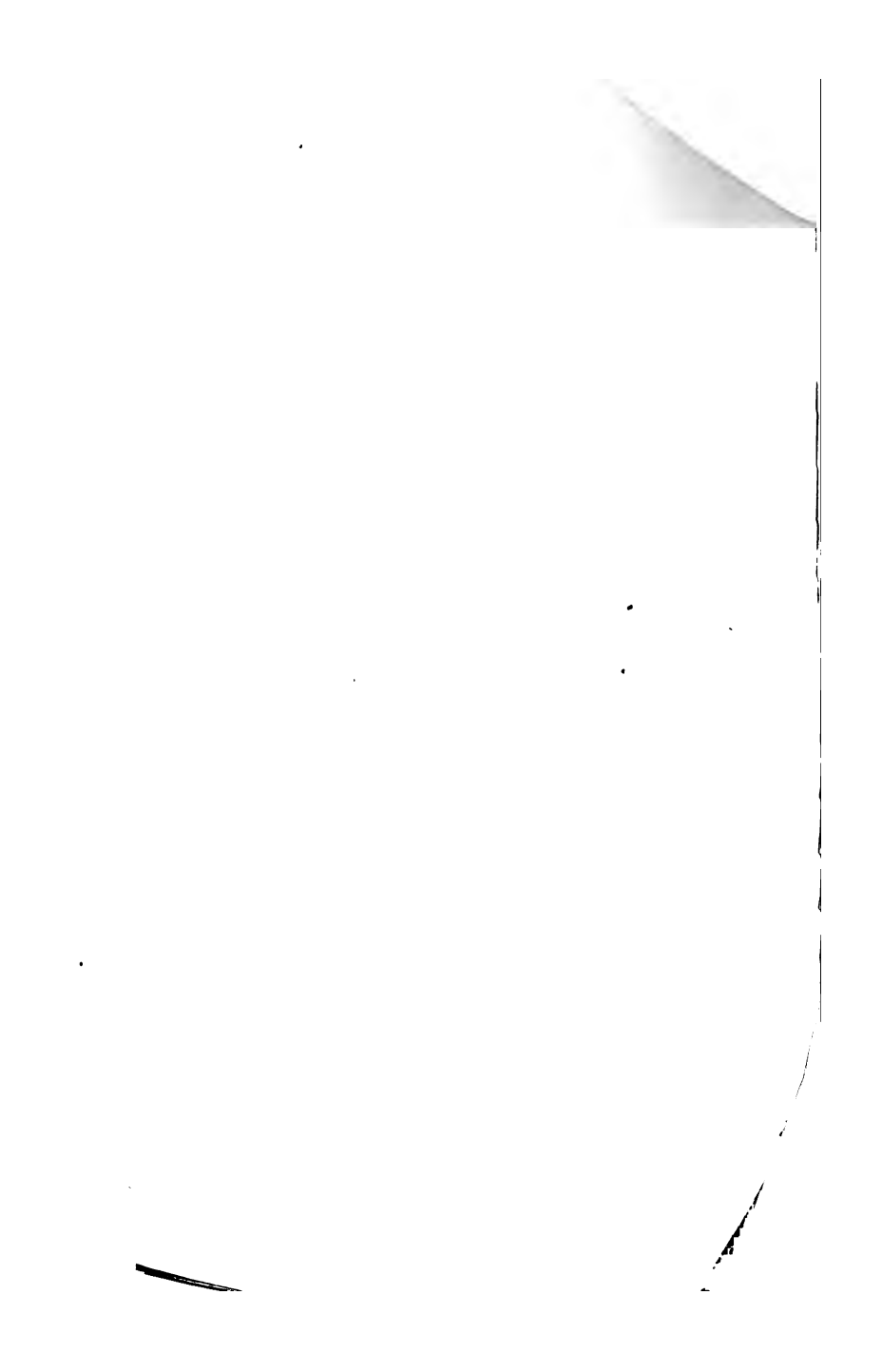
The *Torc* or *Torque* was a small golden sword, and was generally worn by distinguished chieftains in the early ages as the symbol of greatness and valour: and the taking of a torque from a warrior was a feat of the very proudest description, equal, certainly, to the capture of a Marshal's Baton in the present day.

(17) Page 47, Line 7.

"*Telyn*" is the ancient british name for the Harp.



MISCELLANEOUS.



LINES

*Written on the Death of the late Lady Harriet Wynn,
of Wynnstay.*

“ And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song;
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.”

KIRKE WHITE.

WHAT breaks the sunlight scene of social joy,
That spreads its balmy influence o'er the land?
Where Cambria's sons, the honest charms enjoy,
That drop from sweet contentment's blissful hand.

Or why the far-famed harp's enlivening sound
Pours forth the echo of a gloomier strain;
And wakes a spreading sympathy around
The olden hills—the river flowing plain.

The harp, that echoed to the songs of yore,
And with its bardic never dying chime,
Keeps from decay its native mountain lore,
And sends its music to the farthest time.

Now tunes its melancholy cypress song,
 And to the glens, and mountains, seems to say,
 Amid the fairest, and the noblest throng
 That deck life's lofty and accomplished way.

The winds of death, have flung their furious rage!
 And sorrow spreads her native plaints around;
 While recollection from its hidden page,
 Points where bereavement's keenest pang is found.

The bloom of promise heaved its fragrant head,
 The flowery prospect brighten'd to the view;
 And virtue sweetly round her influence shed,
 Bright as the rose embathed in morning's dew.

When *Time* passed by, and drew affliction's dart,
 Ripe from the solemn quiver's fatal hold;
 And threw it deep into a fair one's heart,
 Formed of the best and the divinest mould.

And changed the pleasant summer feeling hour!
 Ask but the gloom of yonder mansion why?
 The leaves of promise lose their fragrant power,—
 The fruit of hope expanded, but to die!

As in the sweep of death, the lily's charms,
 Falls by the mowers' keen, impartial blade;
 That slays in nature's gentle nursing arms,
 Each flower alike, that beautifies the glade!

'Twas so with her, the subject of my song,
 Ten thousand sooner, better could be spared;
 Among the gay the soul inspiring throng,
 Tho' not so willing, or so well prepared !

The halls of " Powis" mourn the untimely fate,
 Where first her native opening charms begun,
 Amid the pomp and regal show of state,
 Choosing fair virtue's holy race to run.

And like the morning sun's celestial ray,
 Careering thro' the rosy clouded sky,
 Bestowing blessings on the rising day,
 And cheering on the minutes as they fly.

So from the dawning hours of childhood's morn,
 Religion stamped its heavenly influence there,
 Whose power, thro' life's all changing scenes adorn,
 The great, the good, the noble, and the fair.

The orphan weeps ! and ask the widow's sigh,
 From whence the load of sorrow presses sore,
 The tear, and trembling bosom, thus reply—
 " Our friend and benefactress is no more !"

Chilled by the touch of death, that generous heart
 Breathes not the melting sympathy again,
 Nor bids the cloud of human woe depart,
 With poverty's unkind and gathering train !

The grave has locked her in its gloomy maze,
 But not the spirit's ever during fame,
 For ages yet unborn, shall wondering gaze,
 Upon the halo of her much loved name.

Plant not the willow's emblem boughs of grief,
 To shade the tomb where now her corse is laid ;
 The sculptured lamp, no more shall give relief,
 And all the monumental splendour fade !

But thro' the lapse of many a coming year,
 Virtue shall point to where her ashes lie,
 And fame shall blazon forth her good career,
 Rewarded now eternal in the sky !

Thus from the rolls of life her name is moved,
 And fixed among the records of the dead ;
 That *name* so much admired, and beloved,
 Still to her country's fadeless honour wed.

For CAMBRIA long will cherish in her breast,
 Her memory so eminent and bright,
 And fix it on her high and honoured crest,
 In characters of pure and fadeless light.

While SNOWDEN in its solitudes doth hold
 The shouts of many a conquest won, and past,
 For with the moaning wind's encircling fold,
 Their voices yet are heard upon the waste.

Where many a "telyn" poured the regal strain
 Upon its sky-lit summit; while the bay
 Would crown the bard who rose with memory's train,
 Bright visions for the future, in his lay.

And round the olden hills of "Gwynedd" high,
 The mountain poet weaves his honest lyre,
 And joins the harp's immortal minstrelsy,
 With themes that worth alone could ere inspire.

Methinks I see him at her hallow'd tomb,
 Spreading his plaints beneath the solemn shade,
 And clad in sorrow's deep sepulchral gloom,
 Weeping, where now the blest remains are laid!

And while he breathes the flowing verse alone,
 Where silence spreads her holy sway around,
 He cries, "the friend of poesy is gone!"
 And mountain echoes oft repeat the sound.

Where is the minstrel's ever living power,
 That flung o'er powis-lands the mighty strain?
 That oft gave birth to pleasure's smiling hour,
 Pleasures that never may return again.

The serious elegiac tones around,
 Answer, the hope of cambria is at rest;
 Nor flows the harp's melodious high born sound,
 Again the deathless strain at her behest!

Wynnstay shall mourn the melancholy hour,
The "pride of Wales" shall heave the willing sigh, ⁽¹⁾
And in some favourite walk, or lonely bower,
The tear shall gather in the thoughtful eye.

But hope will bid the mourner weep no more,
And open thro' Death's shadowy vale the way,
Pointing to heaven's eternal tranquil shore,
Where the glad spirit feels immortal day.

Her fame shall live untouched by withering time,
Speak then of death's destroying power no more !
Ask each assembly, noble, and sublime,
Of Cambrian greatness, and of Cambrian lore.

The harp shall give its musical reply,
The bard his native melting lay will spread,
Raising the all-loved monument on high,
And name her 'mong the greatest of the dead.

A CHAPTER OF VILLAGE LIFE.

"Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true ;
The immortal Glory, which hath never set ;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew—
Of all life's sweets, the very SWEETEST yet.
Oh ! who but can recall the eve they met,
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow,
While Summer flowers with moonlight dews are wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then, which is but memory now."

CHARLES SWAIN.

It was a sabbath morn—so mild and fair,
That broke upon the earth ; the vale and hill
With scented blooms, around did seem to fill
The angel winged breeze, that rode the air ;
Painting with ruddy hues the milk-maid's cheek,
Or wandering where some lone brook's voice was heard,
Deep in a neighbouring glen, or winding strayed,
Where old tradition said of yore appeared,
The pasture ring in which, the fairy forms had played.

The light itself seemed brighter far than even
It did on other days, or whether seen
Falling upon the churchyard's tranquil green,
Made it appear most sacred of the seven.

Or whether from on high reflection's beam,
 Came from a seraph's countenance, and shone
 So hallowed on the world, from bowers so bright,
 Surrounding in the dazzling space the throne,
 Where the Immortal sat, beyond the reach of sight.

Sweet on the margin of the Severn's stream,
 Where the green lime in summer-tide is drooping,
 And on the daisy printed meadow sloping,
 Blessing, descends the breeze, and morning beam !
 Or on the ruins of some olden fane,
 Marking its dim and ivy mantled way,
 Where generations now serene are sleeping ;
 And reigns supreme with undisputed sway,
 The Raven who has long his warder watch been keeping.

Thus musing, near a village church I wandered,
 Where the carv'd grave stone, and uplifted mound,
 Pointed to each lone tenant in the ground ;
 While there a brook with whimpering voice meandered,
 Mingling its cadence with the tender cooing
 Of wild doves, that from tree to tree were winging ;
 And the soft trill that formed the blackbird's song,
 Around the tender melody was flinging ;
 Commingling with the chimes that sweetly pour'd along.

Upon the sabbath quietude, whose breath
 Imparted fragrance as it gently flew,

From the sweet-brier, and dainty rose, that threw
 Their blossoms on the varied homes of death!
 A bright tho' happy band of rustics came,
 Winding their well-known oft repeated way.
 Youth's opening blush and manhood too was there,
 With age,—for this was named devotion's day,
 Where oft in years long past, their sires had gone to pray.

An elder man approached, whose rustic brow,
 Kindled by many a now forgotten year,
 Came walking thoughtfully the green path near,
 Whose locks had stamped him pilgrim of the plough.
 And in the distance he did seem to be
 A simile of solitude,—his eyes,
 Tho' meditation there had fixed her seat—
 Brightened with heart inspiring extacies,
 Such as the proud ne'er feel, or world entitled great.

Health's glowing finger-mark upon his face,
 Was still in all its native colours seen,
 And seemed to say at once of what had been,
 His manhood's pride and unassuming grace.
 And all the sweet simplicity of age,
 Sat on his reverend brow and artless smile,
 Thro' which his peaceful spirit seemed to say,
 "With thoughts of heaven, I oft my hours beguile,
 And pass time's spring-tide morn and winter's gloom
 away."

Thus, if a passing stranger would prefer
 A man, that lived the rustic groups among
 Whose long career of unintentioned wrong,
 Had made him their respected chronicler.
 'Twas he ;—I hailed him lingering in the shade,
 Humming his sunday's most admiring psalm,
 That fell divinely on the morning's tide,
 Contrasting with the still presiding calm,
 That 'round the varied scene her leafy locks display'd.

He turned, and fancy shews the old man now,
 Doffing his hat with sweetly modest air,
 Stroking his white and silvery floating hair,
 Making his own respectful country bow.
 And 'neath a bowering elm he took his seat,
 Kindly inviting me to do the same,
 And said, " if you, sir, stranger, will remain,
 I'll now relate a tale of village fame,
 For *I* th' adventurer was, a young and rustic swain.

He then began :—the foliage round was still,
 Nor fluttered to the smallest breeze that flies,
 Panting its way to where the streamlet lies,
 A-worming at the base of some lone hill.
 Leaning his wrinkled cheek upon his hand,
 As if unclosing memory's choicest store,
 The spirit left his eye, within to range,
 O'er scenes long fled, that now did seem to pour
 In recollection's ear, each varied deed and change.

"Forty long years are passed (quoth he) and fled,
 With all the early hopes which time has broken,
 And nought but memory hoards the much lov'd token,
 Tho' 'tis but one kind look, of her now dead !
 For oft the stealing thought will doubtless revel
 And bring before the mind some favourite scene ;
 As if the spirit of the *one* we mourn,
 Points to the whispering walk where oft we've been,
 Where *one* alone now wanders, grieving and forlorn !

"When as a youth I tript the meadows green,
 A peasant boy,—around my father's cot,
 Nor thought of once repining at my lot,
 Tho' in my home-weav'd garment clad, was seen.
 For the smooth Ivy crept around the door,
 And the entwining suckle breathed perfume,—
 While flowers, like bright immortals did impart
 Their mingling odour on the breath of noon,
 And blessed with honest joy, my fond and tranquil
 heart.

"But not remaining where the morn of years
 First broke upon my early pilgrimage,
 I left my parent's roof, and did engage
 As servant to a neighbouring equire,—tho' tears
 Told, when I bid farewell, a parent's love.
 Yet still they could feel happy then, to know
 That I was safe ensconced, and free from harm,

For they had taught me long to reap, and sow,—
Equal to any on the squire's extensive farm.

“ And there I long enjoyed in servitude,
Each passing blessing that contentment brings;
While friendship, with its heart entwining strings,
Always appeared like honest brotherhood.
And bland respect, would follow with her eye,
Where e'er I went,—abroad, or home the same,
For when the day was o'er, in night's dim fall,
Approving voices oft would bless my name,
For singing merry songs, within the old farm hall.

“ Or breathe in fainter sounds, some ghost-like tale,
While nearer oft my listening friends would draw,
To hear me name th' unlucky man who saw
One night his shady spiritship so pale!
Stalking with airy steps the churchyard's bound,
Or lighting-up with awful tint the bower,
Where oft in life he sat with his fair bride,
Passing away time's loved and golden hour,
That now within the tomb is slumbering by his side.

“ Or when the merry 'wake' would call away
Pleasure's devoted sons, and daughters fair,
In bright eyed numbers, smiling would repair,
To revel in the early holiday.

And oft 'mid groups that tipped the velvet mead,
 Or sought the shade of some old spreading tree,—
 None there appeared with more elastic bound,
 And led the rural dance so blithe as me ;
 While oft my partner maid, was fairest on the ground.

“ One time, (it seems but short), tho' long ago,
 With youth upon my cheek, my spirits high,
 Where flags and banners gay were seen to fly,
 Marking where reigned the far-famed 'Shrewsbury
 Show.'

I hastened o'er the green-sward walks around,
 The lily and the cowslip blooming spread,
 Their gold and silver garments on the land,
 And seemed while bending soft beneath my tread,
 Like those with whom I went, a bright but short lived
 band !

“ I met my *first love* on the Kingsland green,
 With many a rustic fair one, from afar,
 Whose eyes then sparkled like the evening star,
 When thro' the frosty space 'tis brightly seen.
 And there with looks of tenderness and love,
 Immerging from her girlhood's rosy morn,
 She joined me in the dance, nor seemed to mind
 My humble birth,—tho' some with jealous scorn
 Would gossip o'er the freak, and blame her for being
 kind.

" And oft with her I strayed at eve along
 Some unfrequented walk, and kiss'd away
 The much too fleeting hour, while cynthia's ray
 Lit up the scene, and cheered the owlet's song.
 For only when the curtain of the night
 Had fallen on the earth, could we retire
 In secret, to some mantling shade, or stile,
 To speak of what in absence did transpire,
 Or with some prospect bright, the pleasing moments
 guile.

" She was my master's daughter, bright, and fair,
 The only one to bless his fading years,
 And while she thought of duty, with her tears,—
 She could not then her wounded heart repair.
 Too far the warm affections had their will,
 And life to us became a prospect drear—
 Without each other's presence ; but it then
 Did not display the stings of toil and care,
 And thus we sweetly passed our time in field or glen.

" I heeded not the alluring servants' call,
 To breathe again the song I once had done,
 And cheer the old farm hearth, for now alone
 Mirth seemed with languid look, to pace the hall.
 For I, when gloamings fell upon the vale,
 Would count the dull and sluggish minutes pass,
 And listen till my fair one's form I'd see—

Bounding across the dew bespangled grass,
Unto the appointed shade, to linger there with me.

“ One evening, when the moon did richly shine,
I hastened swift as usual to the glade,
To meet my own, my smiling bright eyed maid,—
Where the sweet evergreen did fast entwine,
Around two blushing rosebuds sweet, that seemed
An emblem of our loves—but all was lone !
And sad I waited till the morning’s light
Revealed beneath an old appointed stone
A letter there concealed, before the previous night.

“ The truth soon broke with awful force upon
My sinking spirits,—for I soon could see
That EMMA then was torn away from me ;
And from her home, with sorrowing steps was gone.
By her stern father’s lofty proud command,
Discovering our affections, he espied
The melting look, and heard perchance the sigh
That love was parent to, and then beside
She loved a humble swain, whose cottage home was
nigh.

“ I never saw her more ! altho’ I went
Oft in the twilight dim towards the shade,
Where love her sylvan temple long had made
My guiding star in life’s dark firmament.

For sad regret had settled in my breast,
 And from the much loved scene I took my way,
 Nor knowing what I did, or where to go,—
 For who can tell of disappointment's sway,
 Save when bereavement bids the heart-wrung tears to
 flow.

“ Another land I sought, from home afar,
 Where changes bring their famed and healing power,
 Thro' winding walks ; or where the angry tower
 Sent forth its prowess to the seat of war.
 For in distraction's moment I had given,
 Unconsciously, a pledge, for many a year
 To serve my country in another clime,
 And in the toils attending, take my share,
 Thro' the long fading lapse, but troublous course of
 time.

“ But when the deathful sounds of war were o'er,
 Spared in its fearful tempests, home I came,
 Altered in person, nor revealed my name.
 While at the still remaining cottage door,
 A stranger like I stood, till one within
 Rose up its old and favourite latch to see
 What wanderer was there, for evening's gloom
 Fell like a silvery carpet on the lea,
 While day mid clouds of gold, lay in his western tomb.

“ It was my father ! tho' his withered look
 Almost my recollection then defied ;

And my fond mother wrinkled by his side,
 Enquired, respectfully, for whom I sook.
 I then declared that I had come that way,
 To seek a shelter for the passing night ;
 That I was then returning from the wars,
 Where for my country's honour, many a fight
 I oft had mingled in, and then produced my scars !

“ The old man wept, for memory seemed to give
 Back the loved moments ere his son had gone ;
 And fancy pictured how he stood alone,
 Braving each single combat, and did live,
 Till hosts surrounding him he nobly fell,
 As he would boldly do himself, if there.
 And thus he said, ‘ come in, for welcome's hand
 Spreads always 'neath this roof its humble fare,
 For I a son once had who joined the soldier band.’

“ And think then, stranger, what must be the joy
 My parents' felt, while bordering on the grave,
 To see in whom they thought a soldier brave,—
 The stay of all their hopes—their long lost boy !
 For still they did perhaps there frequent say,
 In cheering up each others spirits, thus :—
 ‘ If he's alive some evening he'll return,
 Safely, and gladly, to his home and us,
 And pleasure bring in age, for we shall cease to mourn.’

"The first bright transports of our meeting past,
 I tremblingly enquired if they had seen
 My 'fair one!' in the church,—the wake, or green,
 Or if her father's vengeance then was past.
 A silence followed; such as when around
 The death bed of a friend, where hopes expire,
 Tho' nurtured long by us, and bidding fair,
 Like flowers now crushed, or modest green sweet briar,
 That oft sublimely poured their fragrance in the air.

"The truth explained the whole.—They said that she
 One mid day came with gentle footsteps there,
 Strangely they thought, for drooped her raven hair,
 Like to her fallen spirits: yet she'd be
 One moment welcoming a stranger smile,
 And it would seem to light her marble brow;
 Again the gloom of blasted joys would trace,
 Not only in her eyes, with fearful glow,
 But spread in death-like hues along her angel face!

"She spoke, tho' incoherent, yet of me,
 And from her bosom warm, this likeness took
 Of her fair form, ere *hope* our path forsook.
 She kissed it, and she said, 'pray let him see
 If ever he returns, by this last *pledge*,
 Tho' fortune long has frowned, I've not forgot
 Those happy moments passed within 'the shade';
 And let him wear it, and frequent the spot,
 For memory hallows still that green and fertile glade.'

" Another morning topt the eastern hill,
 And flung its golden beams upon the vale ;
 The linnet trill'd his sweet and plaintive tale,
 And bright as ever flowed the neighbouring rill ;
 When round the echo of alarm did spring,
 With its loud hurrying voice, so deep, and wild,
 For on the old, the memory haunted spot,
 Silent in death, the squire beheld his child,
 Reposing there so calm, as if by all forgot !

" Loose hung her fine but dark dishevell'd hair,
 While upwards rose her deadly glance afar,
 As if in death, she gazed on some loved star,
 That marked her path thro' regions blest and fair.
 And on her lips, a lingering smile did seem
 To pourtray then how placid came the sleep,
 Which took her from the world, to realms above,
 Where angels bright their endless vigils keep,
 For heaven doth bless with smiles such traits of human
 love.

" And oft in secret, as I wander there,—
 To the same love-lorn place where she was found,
 I bless each leaf and flower that shades the ground,
 And fancy that I see my long-lost fair,
 Looking so kind, as when my humble voice
 In accents so unfit for polished ears,
 Breathed forth love's tender and unvarnished strain ;

And from our eyes would fall the kindred tears,
 Love's holy tokens :—while we smiled and wept again."

The old man rose and, sobbing, left the scene,
 His bursting heart could scarce contain the thought,
 That recollection's wand so sudden wrought ;
 For on his breast, the Lady's face was seen,
 In the bequeathing miniature he wore,
 The pledge as his true lover had desired ;
 And on its smoothen surface oft a kiss
 He warmly placed ; and as he then retired
 It seemed to be on earth the source of all his bliss.

SHREWSBURY QUARRY.

Come to the Quarry's far-fam'd shade,
 Whose green and leafy arches cover,
 When mornings smile and evenings fade,
 The musing and the sprightly rover.

Come ! for throngs are now beguiling
 Sweetly on life's passing day,
 Ladies, fond and fair, are smiling
 On their lords and lovers gay.

Come beneath the sylvan bower—
 Enjoy the lov'd and cool retreat,
 While sun-beams gild the pleasant hour,
 Zephyrs shall fan the summer's heat.

Come, and hear the wood-bird's song,
 Stealing o'er the winding tide,
 While the whispering waves along
 Bear the sounds to either side.

Come where the limes' extended boughs
 Shall speak of many a scene gone by,
 With lovers and the tender vows
 That echo'd to the first-love sigh.

For on the mighty trees appear
 Historic marks of many a name,—
 Pointing to each succeeding year,
 Where oft the wandering lovers came.

Come to the fields where scenes of yore
 Threw forth their bright and festive sway;
 Where Churchyard* pour'd his ancient lore
 Of Easter-tide and Whitsun play.

And where the chieftain's voice aloud,
 In echoing shouts were heard to call
 Salopia's dauntless sons and proud
 Oft on the ground behind the wall.

* A poet and native of Shrewsbury.

Come ! for nature boldly here
Lifts her glorious temple high,
And her beauties round appear,
Crowding to meet the wandering eye.

The fields—the trees—the olden stream—
The birds that hymn their summer lay—
The glorious sun's descending beam
Inspires with life the passing day.

The varied hues of leaves and flowers—
The sweetest sounds that strike the ear ;
And fragrance breathing forth from bowers,
Shall bless the willing wanderer here.

Then come to this, the far-fam'd shade,
Whose green and leafy arches cover :
When mornings smile and evenings fade,
The musing and the sprightly rover.

LINES

*Written on seeing the Annual procession go from the
Salop Infirmary to Saint Chad's Church.*

"O! many a time its soothing power
Has charm'd man from himself awhile;
And shed on sorrow's sunless hour
Something like joy's remembered smile."

BERNARD BARTON.

A SCENE more glorious, and more bright than this,
Meets not the ever wandering eye of man;
For charity imparting forth her bliss,
Invites the world her noblest deeds to scan.

The music's hailing sound—the merry bells,
That fling their rich, their loud, and melting strain,
Now, as upon the echoing distance swells—
Calls mercy's sons from 'round Salopia's plain.

No temple rose within the march of time,
Where valour spreads her long enduring meed;
Equals the purpose of yon dome sublime,
The shelter of affliction, and of need!

Where *skill* employs the mysteries of art,
 And sweet benevolence doth gently pour
 Her balm upon the mourner's cheerless heart,
 To brighten up life's short remaining hour.

The Lame resign the crutch, and blithe again,
 Across the rugged streets are seen to tread ;
 Joining the gay—the honoured princely train,
 While in each breast heaven's choicest beams are shed.

Beams that will warmly give in death's cold hour,
 Light to the valley, be it lone, and drear ;
 And faith shall claim the bible promised power,
 For God will bless the child of mercy there.

Oh ! as you gently pass—fond memory plays,
 And points to one small Cot 'mong Cambrian hills ;
 Back thro' the stream of years—to boyhood's days,
 When as my father felt affliction's ills.

He left one morn, for fame had pointed here,
 While suffering almost dimmed his melting eye ;
 And on the hearth the last paternal tear,
 Fell, as he spake the painful words—" good bye."

And many a day and many a night came on,
 I've listened to my mother's fervent prayer ;
 And when I've asked—" oh, where's my father gone ?"
 She'd point, and say, " beyond the mountains there."

But he returned one sabbath's smiling day,—
We children ran to meet him as he came,
Bending towards the cot, the well known way,
Not in appearance, tho' attired the same!

Health's glowing hue—with gladness seemed to vie,
And nature's ruddy image threw her charms
Upon his brow, and sparkled in his eye,
While oft with joy he took us to his arms.

May blessings rest upon the goodly band,
Who patronize with willing minds, and give
Their Treasures, with a free and liberal hand,
And bid misfortune's children rise, and live!

**A MORNING'S RAMBLE ROUND
SHREWSBURY.**

*"My soul to fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields."*

BYRON.

I've roamed thro sunny hours,
I've roamed 'mid sylvan bowers,
Where hung the Zephyrs gathering shade;
While from the nut-green bush,
Perchance some warbling thrush,
Hath sweetly whistled to the smiling glade.

I've roamed at peep of morn,
When twilight thinly worn,
Hath fled before the laughing eye of day;
While matin-sounds have fell
From the distant village bell,
And birds resumed their chaunt and morning lay.

I've roamed thro' Cambrian vales,
There heard of olden tales,
That linger still upon her well-tuned lyre;
Where many a Chieftain sleeps,
Where many a ruin weeps,
O'er deeds that "Gwynnedd" could alone inspire.

And from the glorious past,
 Her ancient HARP has cast,
 The deathless tones to swell the beat of TIME ;
 While oft some mountain song,
 Like an angel's voice, hath flung
 Its sacred music 'mid her streams sublime.

I've roamed the gladsome hour
 Round Salop's castle tower,
 That proudly marked the tide of feudal times ;
 Where uneras'd appears
 The struggling march of years—
 And heard " Saint Mary's " loved and olden chimes.

I'm roaming now to see
 The " Glendwr " Shelton tree ;
 And may the spirits of the bye-gone day,
 Awake my drowsy mind
 To scenes long left behind,
 That live in History's page, or Poet's lay.

I'm roaming, but no maid
 Is with me on the glade,
 To measure out her love-born smile and kiss ;
 But fancy, nymph to me,
 With wings of poesy
 Leads on to pleasure's highest summit,—bliss.

I'm roaming now, but soon
Life's falling afternoon,
Will from the skies her sable pinions bend ;
And in some humble grave,
My lonely portion have,
Where life and all its wanderings find an end !

Then—then perchance, 'mid bowers
And bright celestial powers,
My roamings ever joyous will begin ;
Where music's thrilling sound,
And answering echoes round,
Shall glad the golden regions I am in.

SHREWSBURY QUARRY FIELDS.

FROM WANDERINGS IN SHROPSHIRE AND MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

THE shades of evening were gathering around as I strolled through those walks which time and circumstances have hallowed : my reflections being assisted by the labours of two native historians, whose days have long since been numbered with the past ! but as I held their book open in my hand, the last beam of the setting sun fell like an halo of immortal glory on the names of Owen and Blakeway ; and I could do no other than reverence the page of lore, pointing as it did, to scenes that yearly transpired on the ground where I stood—for my imagination pourtrayed them as blithe and gay as when in reality.

“ Many a pastime circled in the shade—
The young contending as the old survey'd.”

The custom in the days of Elizabeth was at its height for holding and performing plays, &c., in the Easter and Whitsun weeks, attended by all the holiday goers in the neighbourhood ; and even the Queen, it is said, came as far as Coventry to be present at one of these notorious festivals ; but in consequence of the news of its conclusion arriving, she returned without visiting this ancient and loyal town (and we may here observe the improbability of such a custom, in any form, however

modified, ever reviving as long as "Roundheadism" and those puritanical gentry who figure in the present age have their way.) Yet, as I thought of the past, I could not help secretly wishing that the customs, bad as they are represented, had been perpetuated to the present age: as many a care-worn countenance would have been lit up, and those who were broken in spirit through the perplexities of the world, would have been refreshed, so as to meet the trials of life with renewed vigour—for here many an eye has beamed with delight while gazing on the feats of the honest rustic. Hearts, as well as prizes have been won by those who attended on the occasions to play the game of love; and associations of the most lasting and honourable character have been formed, while those scenes have been eventful in fixing by their influence the destiny of many who joined the mirthful and delighted throng. Perchance beneath yon aged tree a venerable Salopian sat, viewing, with parental joy, his "daughters fayre," dancing to the music of the harp; or pouring the amber draught to many a happy return of the festive season, while his sons in succession, stimulated by all their native pride, poured some existing strain, till the welkin rang with their humble but heartfelt melody; and many a swain that joined in swelling the chorus, threw those significant glances and "side-long looks of love" that have evidenced intentions, for which even age might find an excuse. Thus in the gloaming imagination pictured to the life, scenes, the mirthful sounds of which have seemed to echo through many a slumbering year, and produced on the mind a veneration for the spot where they transpired; but now the business-sounds of day had departed, the blackbird had delivered his hymn to the echoes, and retired to rest; silence had ascended her throne, near the everlasting murmur of the Severn as my reflections were interrupted by a voice detailing a project for having music again in the Quarry, for the summer months, accompanying also the information by the following lines,

which were sung with all the sweetness the scene and subject could inspire :—

O ! how I love to stray
 'Long the green walks away,
 Where the noble and "fayre" held their festals of old ;
 And thoughtful to tarry
 Within the fam'd Quarry,
 Where the tales of the lover in whispers are told.

And fields where the Telyn's* sound
 'Woke slumbering echoes round,
 As mirth led her bright throngs the brisk roundelay ;
 And oft Cupid's dart perchance,
 Shot through the mazy dance,
 While high rose the joys of each long faded day.

As the horn's wildest blast
 Sounded loud on the past,
 Sweet notes aloft in the distance afar ;
 Minstrels so gaily sung,
 Rapture so thrilling rung,
 While each in the chorus maintained a glad share.

From the Saint Ausrin's bower
 To the grey southern tower,
 Where the buttercups spread their gold hues on the
 glade.

* The Harp.

Music and bliss were seen,
 Here on the festive green,
 Till the twilight hath flung round its silvery shade.

Blithe from the mountain-pass—
 Came the sweet cottage lass,
 With her swain to enjoy the lov'd scenes of the play—
 All in their country pride,
 Easter and Whitsuntide,
 Blessing and bless'd in the sweet "holy-day."

But they are gone and fell !
 Dust of the valley tell—
 Where are those bright forms of beings since fled ?
 Cool winds that hurry by—
 Thus in their wand'rings sigh,
 "Lowly they slumber and mix with the dead !"

Yet here I love to stray,
 'Long the green walks away,
 Where the noble and "fayre" held their festals of old ;
 And thoughtful to tarry
 Within the fam'd Quarry,
 Where the tales of the lover in whispers are told.

THOUGHTS ON THE RUINS OF WROXETER.

"Have not I gazed from the high placed
City of WRECON, on the verdant vale of
FREWER with grief, for the destruction of
My social friends."

LLOWARCH HEN.

SUCH was the ancient hero's lay,
As recollection drew her store,
Of scenes that form'd his early day,
Ere the proud Saxons held their sway,
And "Wrecon" was no more!
Or "Pengwerne" lost her princely names,
And saw her palace gay—in flames.

Yet long thy relic has displayed
Famed "URICONIUM," o'er the ground,
Thy once known prowess to the glade,
Tho' dim'd as if with twilight's shade,
By years that float around.
Nor holding to the wanderer's eye,
The secrets of thy destiny.

Yet now in this pervading gloom,
 Fancy portrays thy early rise,
 Again from time's deep shading tomb,
 And glory there is seen to bloom,
 Unveiled from all its mysteries ;
 While peace with fond attention flings
 Around the shelter of her wings.

The Roman pennons wave on high
 Their lofty crests,—the battle horn
 Sweeps o'er the vale, and many an eye
 That erst beheld their legions fly,
 Swift as the mists of morn,
 Glowed in the battle's storm—and gave
 Their all, its liberties to save !

Thy Temples rose their sacred domes,
 And many a loved and dazzling train,
 Made oft their hallowed sabbath homes,
 Within those tranquil walls ; when roams
 The night-bird o'er the plain.
 Or when the eastern light so free
 Rides on the morn careeringly.

Or when the song of gladness fell
 Within the cheiftain's regal hall,
 Some minstrel there with music's spell,
 On scenes of by-gone times would dwell,
 And hold each heart in thrall !

For those who heard his melting lay,
Would wipe the sparkling tears away!

Or when beneath some aged tree,
Youths gay and fairy bands would move,
Led by the harps soft minstrelsy;
Each heart would seem so blithe and free,
For there 'twas said the "Lady Love,"
The jocund dance to light was made,
And breathe her spirit in the shade.

Yet in thy fall, destruction shed,
As if from some unrivalled crime,
Its heavier tempest on thy head!
For thou, famed city, long hast fled
Beyond the bright records of time:
While nought remains save now the void,
To point where "WRECON" was destroyed.

The vale is calm—the sun doth pour
The same bright glory on the spot,
As when the banner waving tower,
Displayed afar its short lived power,
In triumphs now forgot.
And the loud hum of voices sound
No more upon its peopled ground!

For when perchance where hosts have been,
Deliberation's thoughtful eye

Hath sought the hall, or battle green,
 But verdure now alone is seen,
 Bringing her yearly sweet supply :
 Round where thy fragment doth appear,
 Ruins of ancient Wroxeter !

Farewell ! perchance beneath my tread,
 Some " Breton " warrior long may rest,
 There in his cold and quiet bed,
 Amid the regions of the dead,
 Whom maids and minstrels blest ;
 Nor dream of scenes that pass away,
 In this remote and modern day.

Farewell ! the wind's chill flowing breath,
 That seem as now I leave to sigh ;—
 " Stranger, thy pilgrimage in death,
 Unmindful of the bardic wreath,
 May shortly end like days gone by :
 And we with spirits' voice may cast,
 Thy story with each fitful blast.

" And visiting thy grave—may tell
 Oft to some wandering bard the tale ;
 When 'round bright fancy threw her spell,
 Thy song on these gray ruins fell !
 While Summer listened to thy tale.
 And fragrance we will bear, and fling
 Around thy tomb's green covering."

A VISIT TO THE ABBEY CHURCH, SHREWSBURY.

" Yet a few years, and the blast of the desert
Comes.—It howls in thy empty courts."

OSSIAN.

'Twas in the lone and solemn hour of even !

For night had lifted high her mantling power,
And form'd the glorious starlight arch of heaven
With Pleiades to cheer the passing hour—

As near the " Abbey's " ancient fane and tower
I wandered, while the quiet scene around

Look'd doubly solemn in the falling shower
Of star-beams, for no echoing footsteps' sound,
Save mine, then broke upon the sacred ground.

No startling chatter'd on the olden pile,

Or whirling daws were seen their rounds to fly ;
The rav'n no more the trav'ller did beguile,

Or 'round the dome his ebon pinions ply,
For, as the slumber of the bones that lie,
The busy world had sunk in soft repose—

Through dreamy paths the wandering sleepers hie,
Till the blithe morn its active hour bestows,
And Phœbus bright around her warm beams throws.

Imagination pointed to the spot
 Where lay, in silence, the unconscious dead ;
 Nor could conjecture name life's passing lot
 Of those that deep reposed beneath my tread ;
 But thus I thought—perchance some chief who bled
 Lies mouldering here, or “ ladye fayre ” who sung
 In night's dull hour, while round the echoes spread
 As sweet devotion from her tuneful tongue,
 In vespers oft, the olden arches rung.

Here, minstrels sweetly flung the heavenly strain,
 And bards, whose native and majestic lyre
 Have led to worship oft the mixed train,
 And feelings warm'd with more than earthly fire ;
 Yet here lie many an old Salopian sire !
 The rich, and poor, of other ages gone,
 While mingling with each other's dust, conspire
 To prove the *common lot*, that here alone
 All fade alike, and *privilege* have none.

Yet in the neighbouring “ park,” or fragrant bower,
 Ofttimes has many a lovelorn couple stray'd,
 And breath'd their wishes, as the evening hour
 Sat mantling on the lone sequestered shade.
 Or, while the “ curfew ” stole upon the glade,
 Perchance sad disappointment's fatal dart
 Had seal'd the doom of some unconscious maid,
 Who wander'd through the night from home apart,
 To pour the throbbings of a broken heart.

There, by the moss-grown arch and gothic wall,
 The "pulpit" is deserted, where has been
 So oft the germ of promise ; and the hall
 Has vanished with the long-frequented scene.
 When chivalry maintained its tow'ring sheen,
 And chiefs unsheath'd their "blue blades," glittering
 bright ;
 "Lords of the marches" in the charge were seen,
 Leading their followers to the "border" fight,
 That echo'd near Sabrina's stream so bright.

The matin song that 'woke the sleeping morn—
 The chorus of the frequent "festival"—
 The sounds of music, and the distant horn,
 Heralding the long procession ; all,
 While wrapt in solemn awe, were seen to fall
 Before "Saint Winifred's" devoted shrine,
 Inclosed within "Saint Peter's and Saint Paul." (3)
 And who can Generation's host define,
 From hill and dale, that worshipp'd here divine ?

Yet still the melody of psalms is heard,
 When Sabbaths hold their high and holy hours,
 And on the ruins fall the sacred Word,
 That cheer'd in olden time monastic bowers ;
 And where the garden's sweetest fruit and flowers,
 And wheels of commerce bear their loads along, (4)
 Still, (tho disturb'd) submissive to the powers

Of fate, unmindful of the voice of song,
The dead remain—nor raise the plaint of wrong.

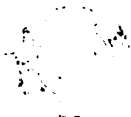
Worlds like thy ruin'd temple yet shall pay
That debt which fate uncourteously demands !
Glory and greatness, as some long pass'd day,
Will drop without a murmur in his hands,
And all that's worthy, or by sea or lands ;
And he that musing hears thy ling'ring chime,
With all life's passing bright admiring bands,
And all that now we name of earth sublime,
Shall, mould'ring, own the power of parent TIME.

Thus, as I mused around the altars grey,
Where late had been a ruthless mortar shed ;
And spade—and mattock, there destructive play,
Breaking the bones, and ashes of the dead.
For thus the restless love of change is fed,
And called *improvement* ; (?) yet to me appears
A deed for which old veneration bled ;
For *time* ne'er checks the man, whose falling tears,
Laments the impious deeds of modern years.

But AGE, as if revigour'd, now doth fling
Its sunlight look, upon the ruins lone ;
And with the Ivy garland seems to bring
Back the impression that has long since flown.
For time points out what one true heart hath done,
In rescuing from *decay* this once famed pile ;

And thus exclaims—"thro' centuries yet unknown,
His honour'd name shall live recorded ; while
History bestows on worth, its own approving smile."

Yet while the throngs of worshippers attend,
As summon'd by the sweet, the Sabbath bells ;
Where psalms their ever-thrilling echoes rend
That sacred temple where devotion swells,
Tho' now in ruins are the olden cells :
Religion's guardian angel beacons there,
While thoughts of heaven each worldly theme expels,
As Hope bids dark futurity look fair,
And endless bliss is gain'd—through faith and prayer.



LINES TO THE SEVERN.

SWEET Severn ! where thy winding waves
Flow round the " Garden of the graves ;" *
Between the " Bryn-bank's" steepy side,
And " Vastrey's" mountain-ridge, that fling
The echoes swift on zephyr's wing,
Back to thy curling tide :
I first began life's little hour,
And there impression stamped her power,
While as a boy I wander'd
Oft to the wild and rustic bower,
The encampment, or " Dolforwyn's" tower,
Where the old stream meander'd,
And recollection leaps across
The grave of intervening years ;
For even now the ruin's moss
With scenes of boyhood's morn appears.

Sweet Severn ! still I think how sweet,
Though time has, like thy fords, so fleet,

* Newtown churchyard is thus called.

Borne with its tide each passing day,
 When, as I whiled the hours away,
 And heard the lonely evening bell
 That on the moving waters fell,
 Closing the twilight hour,
 Or rambling near thy pebbled side,
 Or, with my then intended bride,
 Beneath the nut-green bower.

I love thy bright and classic stream,
 Where oft the harp of yore
 Woke on thy waves the inspired theme,
 Rich with the mountain lore ;
 As Cambria listened to the sound
 That swiftly fell on hill and dale,
 While quick the battle-horn was found
 Calling her trusty sons around,
 And breathing on the willing gale.

And old "Sabrina" flung divine
 Her voice to many a dauntless line,
 That on her banks were seen ;
 While retrospection rested on
 Proud scenes of many a contest won,
 Where oft some hill-born chief had led
 His rustic band, and nobly bled
 In dell or up-land green ;

Where the invading Saxon drew
Pennons and hosts amid thy vales,
Whom oft thy dauntless children slew ;—
Bless'd country—still unconquer'd Wales!
Yet, as I linger out the hour
Of life, may memory oft recur
To scenes that fling their balmy power
Where summer streams and meadows fair
Smile round my Cambrian home ;
And may I long the green fields tread
In fancy near thy silv'ry bed,
Sweet Severn, where thy winding waves
Flow round the " Garden of the Graves."

A WISH

*Suggested on a visit to Haughmond Abbey, near
Shrewsbury.*

HERE would I choose in peace to dwell,
And pass life's dazzling hours away,—
My cottage made of stone that fell
From Cloisters of the olden day ;
Where the dark mound would strangely give
Its pressure, for it once did live,
In bones, and flesh, tho' long below
The surface, now each fragment lies,
What once in beauteous forms did glow,
With some fair Lady's sparkling eyes,
Which shed their light around,—and tongues
That swell'd the frequent festal songs.

The Ivy there should twine its wreath,
And Moss with aged mantle spread,

Not on the sacred ground beneath,
 But fall in ringlets overhead ;
 While some carved roof there placed of yore,
 Should be my lonely cottage door.
 Pillars should rise on every side,
 And each contain a niche where stood
 For many a year the Abbey's pride,—
 Angelic forms with hallowed mood,
 For with the life book on each breast,
 They breathe of quietude and rest !

Here would I dwell in night's dim fall,
 Nor heed the watchdog's vacant call,
 Or batwings from their temple-home,
 That on their gloaming missions come ;
 When from the Shrewsbury Abbey's tower,
 Strikes the far echoing curfew hour.
 But think of hosts who here have given
 Their solemn vesper songs to heaven.

Here would I dwell, tho' should each night,
 Some pale unearthly stranger come,
 Stalking his way by th' new moon's light,
 Slow from the " Lord Fitz Allan's " tomb ;
 And lightly walking by his side,
 Is seen his " dame"—the founder's bride !
 I'd weave a song to ancient fame,
 For there my numbers clothed would be,

Like some lone bird that nestling came,
Fledged from the sacred cypress tree ;
And in my verse would oft appear
Some records of my dwelling here.

And then, a future age might say,
" Here, where retreat has formed her throne,
A bard hath passed his little day ;
While o'er this scene of ruins lone,
He pour'd his heart inspiring rhyme,
To live in years of after time."

LINES

*On seeing a family comprising four Generations residing
at the Plough Inn, Market Square, Shrewsbury.*

A BRIGHT eye'd maiden sung to cheer the hour,
One winter's evening ; but her melting strain,
Like some lone bird within her snow-clad bower,
Was then of joys when "green leaves come again :"
And there did seem to live in every tone,
Such sweetness, that we thought of friends and days
long flown.

The Seasons pass'd again, in gay review—

The woodland song streamed light on fancy's ear,
Summer, so green, along the landscape threw
Her gentle wand, and all in blooms appear ;
But in its turn, chill winter held the reign,
And expectation sought, when "green leaves come
again."

An aged Lady smiled, and seemed to be
 So jocund as she listened to the song,
 Dandling her great-grandchild upon her knee,
 And happy as the fairest of the throng ;
 Tho' retrospection beamed within her eye,
 Of years long past and fled, and many a scene gone by.

While gladness flung divine its sparkling look
 On every feature present, and did glow
 With fresh hilarity,—for all partook
 The bright sensation that around did flow ;
 And life seemed pictured there, as it went on,
 From childhood's careless laugh, to age's setting sun.

And who could frown on passing time, to see
 The locks of grey that mark'd its tranquil close ?
 Or the young babe, that danced with buoyant glee,
 Seeking its mother, and yet scarcely knows
 Which is his nearest, kindest, friend of all,
 Save by the claimant's voice, that oft is heard to call.

Thus, as if some rebuking spirit said,
 By way of caution, never to complain
 At life's continued change, for here was shed
 Its choicest blessings, felt without the pain
 Attendant in its path, while on the sight
 Four generations sat—healthful, and gay, and bright.

The maiden closed her song—the “green leaves came,”
And summer spread again her carpet round,
When from the homely circle one loved name
Was register'd as tenant 'neath the ground ;
And then another, ever kind and fair,
Was shortly laid in death, beside her mother there !

I knew them well ;—and oft when winter flings
Its gloom upon the night, I hold them still
In memory fresh ; and when all mortal things
Shall cease with my pulsation, 'tis my will
To meet death calm as they, and then my fate
Will be, to join in heaven their beatific state.

LINES,

*Occasioned by reading the account of Lieut. Anderson,
who was shot on Kingsland, for desertion, and buried
in St. Mary's churchyard, Shrewsbury, in the year
1752.*

SWEET, sweet as the grave of the great,
 Embower'd by the shade of the willow,
Is the low and the simple estate
 Of the poor man's humble pillow !

Though not in the annals of time,
 Immortal and high he appears ;
By history's finger sublime,
 Pointed out as the honour of years.

Yet man is but man,—and his hour,
 Though entwined with riches and fame—
The grave with its gloom will devour
 The monarch, and peasant, the same !

Then why should a nation extend
 Her vengeance within the cold ground ;
 Or the sword of her anger descend,
 Where there the worm and the tinsel are found.

For the crime of an hour—but no more,
 That deed we forgive and forget,
 Ere sounded the guns' fatal roar,
 When thy sun of existence set.

For pity, sweet angel is weeping,
 Her numbers still over thy tomb ;
 Whilst thou cold and quiet art sleeping,
 Unconscious amid its deep gloom.

When the sound of the sabbath hymn steals
 So sweet from the old temple near ;
 Or when calm devotion reveals
 Her fair form in psalms, or in prayer.

There lie unmolested, and long,
 While this fane* shall impart her sweet chime,
 Till thy dust shall awake with the song
 Of eternity's triumph's o'er time.

* Saint Mary's Church.

LINES

Written on a visit to Newtown Church, Montgomeryshire.

"Again I behold where for hours I have ponder'd
As reclining at eve on yon tomb-stone I lay ;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray."

BYRON.

CALLED by the Sunday's sweet and mellow chime,
I bent my steps to that divine abode
Of rest and peace,—the temple of our God,
Loved by the great ones of the olden time ;
Around whose hallowed walls in silence sleep
The rich and poor, of many a century gone :
That mingle with each others dust, and lie
Long undistinguished there ; nor ritual stone
To mark the lapse of years, that since have past away.

Where once the yew tree's dull and sable shade,
Spread long its wide and deep monastic gloom
O'er many a sacred and unconscious tomb,
For daylight 'neath its boughs hath seemed to fade ;

Upon whose topmost branch, in boyhood's years,
 I've rocked and rode the careless hours away ;
 While on its every part inscribed has been
 The "records" of some long-forgotten day,
 That in the sleep of years now hides its much loved
 sheen.

That tree is now removed; yet still the view,
 Tho' changed, presents the Severn's winding waves,
 Flowing around the boundary of the graves,
 Nor sends its echoes more beneath the yew.
 What if some plain inhabitant of yore,
 Was from his dusty couch to motion spring,
 Wondering he'd behold the same lone spot,
 As round the scrutinizing glances fling,
 Where once, with sacred rite, his bones were laid to rot !

Neighbours and friends lie cold and speechless there,
 So silent as if each reposed alone ;
 And if the worm should bear a stranger bone
 Beyond the precincts of each mansion fair,
 No feuds arise for 'tis their monarch's will
 That "land marks" should remain above on earth,
 For the prolific soil takes all away :
 While the distinctions of a tomb bring forth,
 Like the poor *parish grave* its tribute to decay !

Some bright eyes have I known, that now below
 Are dim'd and closed for ever! and with whom
 I've strayed so jocund, till the falling gloom
 Of evening, lay upon the valleys low,
 'Mong youth's bright train,—and there a mother's
 heart,
 Fond, as ere beat affection for her boy,
 Mouldering in silence lies: while her lone rest
 Receives, tho' not with throbs of beating joy,
 My baby on her kind but now unconscious breast.

How oft hath streamed the merry bells, that gave
 Their music to the wind; when hymen's band
 Met round the altar, while some trembling hand
 Received love's faithful token: but the grave
 Ere twelve months went its strange eventful round,
 Yawned to another strain!—the funeral bell
 Boomed on the ear,—and then was heard the sigh
 Of widowhood, as if one came to tell
 The cause of some new woe—so sad, and witheringly!

The banner still hangs drooping as of old,
 Near to the "chancel's" loved and hallowed spot;
 And relics that in ages now forgot,
 Have rang to where the mountain vespers toll'd
 Their sacred strains; and even he, who oft
 In life bequeathed such tokens of esteem,
 Remains so quiet in his tomb beneath: ⁽⁶⁾

While the mute angel smiling there doth seem
To bless his tranquil home, and temple house of death !

Thus many a generation long have gone !
Like waves that form the Severn's rambling tide,
Sparkling, then lost for ever ! while the pride
Of ancient worship still is seen alone ;
Looking as big with life from out the past,
And publishing a truth which all must know,—
Mortality's full stretch ; and then the shade
Of being, marks some mouldering spot below
Where quiet and serene our last lone beds are made.

LINES

*Written on a visit to the Bryn Bank, near Newtown,
Montgomeryshire.*

'Twas a bright Summer's eve, and all was still
And calm, for then the lady "June" was there ;
The sun had left his sceptre on the hill,
And from a neighbouring wood the Blackbird's trill
So tenderly did woo the sylvan fair ;
While o'er the spangled sward, in all her pride,
She walked, with fairy steps, the "Bryn-banks" steepy
side.

The Town's loud hum of business, seemed to die
Faintly upon the year,—the "Vastrey" far,
Put on its twilight mantle, while the sky
Reflected in the stream that murmur'd by
Its silvery face, and then the evening star
Led forth her sparkling train with glory bright,
While each immortal glance shone on the lovely night.

The woodland seemed to cast its lonely gloom
 So frowningly abroad, and the calm hour,
 There, Maiden-like, and stamp'd with recent bloom,
 Fell unlamented in her rosy tomb ;
 While in each dell, and sweet entwining bower,
 The old church bell sent forth its curfew note,
 And, with the Owlet's dirge, upon the gloom did float.

The Severn threw her voice along the vale,
 Through many a brambled nook, sequester'd there,
 Where oft perchance the moonbeams fell so pale,
 Lighting the lover's wand'rings,—while the tale
 Of hope would make life's every prospect fair :
 But now the sable pinions of the hour
 Mantled from "Castle-y-dyle," to old "Dolforwyn's"
 tower.

And all was hushed—as if the huntsman's blast
 Woke not the early chase in days of yore,
 And sent its music bounding o'er the waste ;
 Yet in yon ancient hall the circling feast,
 Where sportsmen talk'd their feats and frolic o'er ;
 Music hath flung her charms, while the gay throng
 Was cheer'd by old "Sir John" and many a festive song.

The gloom that sat upon the varied scene,—
 The old church spire—the ruins where of old
 Revelry and gladness oft hath been—
 With mirth's gay bands, that strolled the Severn green,

Are in the dreary grave now lone and cold !
An emblem of each other, and pourtray
The past, with all its glories, like the recent day.

Each twinkling light that broke upon the view,
Seem'd as a guiding star to mark the spot
Where some warm friends e'en yet reside,—though few
Have welcom'd my return with bosoms true,
Back to my lowly and remembered cot ;
I treasure such within my memory's cell,
And think when far away of their last kind "farewell."

I leave thee now, my native hill, to space,
And seek some other vale or mountain green,
But nought can thy fair fields again replace,
Where'er I go, though fancy bids me trace
Once more the smiling meadows I have seen ;
Affection's power with keenest pang doth swell,
And tears alone repeat, perchance, my last farewell !

THE GRAVE OF ROGER DE MONTGOMERY.

“ O WHERE is his tomb ?” let the echoes reply,
As they rise on the old fane’s chime ;
Or the chill searching wind that around it doth ply,
And o’er the lone ruins so frequently sigh,
As if moaning the changes of time ;
But the echoes exclaim, “ here we know not his name,”
And are joined by the winds that low murmur the same.

O where is his tomb ? let the garden of death
The long hidden secret unfold ;
And say if now lodged in its region beneath,
The chieftain who triumphed o’er valley and heath,
Yet sleeps there so quiet and cold.
The greensward, reviving with blossoms, says—“ none
Of the *Norman* remains, save this primrose alone.”

O where is his tomb ? let the trumpet of fame,
Send its flitting voice from the past ;

And say when of old, it announced as he came,
 The Captain of "Hastings,"—and fought for a name
 Now encircled with halos, that cast
 Their cresset-lights brightly around his full brow,
 For renown ever parts to the yet living glow.

Silence answers alone!—and reveals in her scroll,
 Of names that recline in the earth;
 The scenes that once muster'd to life at his call,
 From the Castle's famed tower, to the Abbey's old wall,
 And the song that in each claimed its birth;
 Where the minstrel imparted his sweet "border" lay,
 Of the chieftain whose life pass'd in triumphs away.

Thus sang a youth, one festal night,
 When the old chimes toll'd the midnight hour;
 And the cresset pour'd its rays of light,
 And maiden forms so fair and bright,
 Danced on the bounding oaken floor;
 Where MIRTH with laughing eye displayed
 Her graceful waltz, and gallopade.

For there report a long time said,
 She oft beheld in mid-hours gloom,
 An armed chief with ghostly tread,
 Who left his home amid the dead,
 Yet no one knew his tomb;
 Wandering around the Abbey wall,
 Or haunting oft the Vicarage hall.

And as the singer's strain gave way
 That joyous night, a distant sound
 Fell near the portals, as they say,
 While slowly in, with locks of gray,
 A hero walked profound ;
 Flinging abroad a strange blue light,
 That flashed upon his falchion bright !

'Tis not that here I should repeat
 The wild disorder that ensued ;
 Ere the grim sprite made his retreat,
 Or how each dame declared so great,
 (Oft as the tale has been renewed)
 The spectre seemed ; while some do say,
 He walks e'en yet at fall of day.

At first an ancient " Whig," they thought,
 Had found his way from some far land,
 Beyond life's shady verge : and sought
 Even here, while music sweetly brought
 Pleasure's devoted band ;
 To warn, and frowningly upbraid
 The host, who from his path had strayed.

Others, maintained, his eyes did glow
 With brighter glances ; while he flung
 Around so kind a look, and how
 He came with stately tread and bow,

As on his breast plate hung—
 Mottos, that stamp'd him by its rule
 A "Tory" of the olden school.

Though his attire they said was nigh,
 The colour of the stone that gave,
 Yon princely form that stands on high,
 On the lone tower so carelessly,
 Armed as of old, and brave;
 Yet could he thus descend at night,
 And scale his throne by morning's light?

Sad was the time, and drear to view
 The shady being,—till *one* came
 With outspread wings, so near him drew,
 And pointing to his corslet, threw
 A light that shewed "Montgomery's" name;
 And hied away, nor kindly said
 Where lay conceal'd his dusty bed.

But *he*, with waving wings, was Time,
 Who, as he went with tones of age,
 Said, "In my bosom now sublime
 The chieftain rests; nor festal chime
 Wakes him again: for history's page
 Treasures his memory, fair and bright,
 And crowns him with her deathless light." .

A VISIT TO WHITTINGTON CASTLE.

"In ancient days of high renown,
Not always did yon Castle frown,
 With Ivy crested brow;
Nor were its walls with moss embrowned,
Nor hung the lanky weeds around,
 That fringe its ruins now."
"FITZ-GWARINE." By J. F. M. DOVASTON, Esq.

THUS sang a border poet,—and
 His strain awoke with magic power,
Like to the harp, when some fair hand
Sweeps the bright strings, and tones command
 The young and captive hour;
While as a day dream, rich and bold,
We love the themes it doth unfold,

And revel in the passing tide
 Of fancy; while each gorgeous wave
Seems like a scene of feudal pride,
That o'er the vacant lapse doth ride
 Where age hath found a grave;

And *time* in silence wails alone,
The absence of her children gone !

The armour'd knight, with yellow plume,
 Leads forth from out the ancient tower,
When o'er the castle's frowning gloom,
The maiden morn is seen to bloom,
 Blushing within her bower ;
And on the oft-contested plain
He brings, with clarion-sound, his train.

The downy moss, the ivy green,
 Release the hold they long have made,
And from the oaken shade is seen
Where ruin's lingering walk hath been,
 And banners oft have played ;
The hall in which soft music flung
Her spirit, with the " border song."

While many a knoll and vale doth tell,
 By thy enchanting word, the way,
What in the olden time befell
Each pilgrim to the " Saint Oswald,"
 Whose shrine within a dingle lay :
And vespers sweet again are spread,
Like hymns around a dying bed !

Such were my thoughts when last I found
 Myself upon that hallowed land ;

And the cool winds that strayed around
 Seemed blithe, as when the bugle's sound
 Rode with its heralding command ;
 And the old "warder" heard the call,
 From off the castle's distant wall.

Yet though its mighty form hath gone,
 No more to meet the wanderer's eye,
 Save one dull tower that stands alone,
 Near which the oaken trees have thrown
 Their honour'd branches high :
 Or the old "keep," where starlings tell,
 From their grey homes, what here befell !

A draw-bridge still remains to note
 Scenes of pure splendour,—now forgot ;
 And there the milk-white swan doth float
 His silent way along the moat,
 So gently as if big with thought ;
 Or, resting on the glassy wave,
 Ponders where "Marion" found a grave.

And where the "Wrenoc" fell ; or when
 The bridal song was heard to fling
 Its cheering sounds through vale and glen,
 While in the hall soft music then
 Streamed 'mid the noble banquetting ;
 And old "Fitz-gwarine" bless'd so free
 His daughter and "Sir Albany."

But time, as lonely echoes say,
 Dropt from his eagle wing along,
One feather ;—as a bard that way
Came to retune his border lay,
 With themes of ancient song ;
And in his verse again is seen,
Bright as of yore, whate'er hath been.

The harp no more shall ring her call,
 Save in her poet's favourite strain ;
Nor frown the towering castle's wall,
But in the records of its fall,
 When ruins bloom again ;
Time with its wreath of deathless fame
Shall crown the border-poet's name.

LINES

*Written on hearing the Bells of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury,
on a Sunday evening.*

"Maiden with thy brow so fair,
Blushing cheeks, and shining hair,
Child, with bright and laughing eye,
Chasing the winged butterfly;
Hasten, when o'er vale and dell,
Sounds the gathering sabbath bell."

Mrs. C. B. WILSON.

HARK ! the echoing bells are chiming
Their free and happy sabbath song ;
And holy silence spreads her wings,
As through the solemn stillness flings
The silver tones along.

Now rebounding o'er the water,
And the Severn's winding plain ;
Where in other days have been
Sounds and echoes too, I ween,
Such as this inspiring strain.

Some have heard it loud careering,
With its bursting volume through
The light and fragrant air,—though *some*
Who hear it on the passing *now*,
May slumber in the tomb !

Ere again its voice descending,
 Like an angel's from above,
 Calling to some kindred spirit,
 Hastening homeward to inherit
 Crowns and realms of bliss, above.

Thou canst form thy tuneful numbers,
 Like some minstrel paid of yore,
 And with "christening peals" impart
 Joy to thy employer's heart ;
 Oft as thou hast done before.

Or when joy on tip-toe hastens
 With her bright and rosy band ;
 Thou canst loud and freely play,
 While the appointed " wedding day"
 Is announced through all the land.

Or canst fling the tones of sorrow,
 When blighted hopes and prospects come ;
 Borne with the sable bier to dwell
 Within the lone grave's hallowed cell,
 Where memory makes her home !

But the sacred sounds of hymning
 Breaks upon the listener's ear ;
 And devotion's raising power
 Stamps divine the well spent hour,
 With virtue's heaven-born cheer.

Sing of heaven, for now the warder,
 Silence there, his watch is keeping
 O'er the solemn tombs, where those
 Who soundly take their last repose,
 Where the kingly worm is creeping.

Yet within that much loved fane,
 The mingling sounds of joy and praise,
 With the united loud acclaim,
 Of times untouched—though parent name
 Enthroned above the skies.

There devotion's son doth breathe
 Strains that reach from heaven to earth,
 Like the dew on Hebron's brow,
 Sparkling in the morning's glow,
 Strains that claim celestial birth.

But the breezy tones are dying,
 From Sabrina's vale and shore,
 And the heaven-inspiring sound
 Wakes its sweet response around
 The sylvan walks no more.

Oh, may angels' wings of light
 For ever shelter that abode,
 Where devotions sons retire
 From the world's unhallowed fire,
 The temple of our God !

LINES

Written on a Banquet held in Shrewsbury Castle, 1840.

"Thou art noble yet, for thy ruins recall
The remembrance of vanished glory ;
For Time that has levelled the ancient hall,
Still spares thee to tell of its story."

BERNARD BARTON.

The sound of the festal breaks on the night,
From the old Castle towers, and wall ;
And while on the smooth winding Severn, so bright,
The echo's soft foot-fall drops tender and light,
The present the past doth recall.

When the voice of the warder-chief fell on the ear,
And bow-men in numbers attended ;
While flash'd in the sun beams, the bright polish'd spear,
Or the song that told sweet of some warrior's career,
As thy banners he nobly defended.

Or the harper's gay tones streaming richly along,
While the old brimming goblet pass'd round ;
And chivalry's sunshine ennobled the throng,
For monarchs the banqueting chieftains among,
In this temple of freedom were found !

And still the proud strain doth so loftily spread,
 While mirth with her pleasant voice there,
 Awakes, as if from the long sleep of the dead,
 And gay as of yore, is heard the soft tread
 Of the joyous, the bright, and the fair.

And the blank winds are fill'd with rejoicings, but none
 Like the revelling chieftains of old,
 Are there to impart to the "telyn's" soft tone, [shone
 The sweetness of ages, when the "torque" brightly
 On the breast of the warrior so bold.

Though pleasure's full tide flows cheeringly yet
 Remembrance would call back the hour,
 When the fair and the gallant in past ages met,
 And the banners revealed oft the fam'd coronet
 That flapp'd on the old castle's tower.

And O! how delighted the festival throng,
 When the warder-chief rising, would tell
 Of the prowess of *one* whom they miss'd then among
 Their old "circling feasts," while some bard with a song
 Would crown the brave hero who fell!

Time honours the spot where the standard of yore
 Wav'd proudly o'er royalty's dome,—
 Tho' the chieftain's behest may be heard there no more,
 Or the minstrel repeat his traditional lore,
 Renown ever makes there a home!

LINES ON MILLINGTON'S HOSPITAL.

"Peace to the man who these high honours claim ;
Health to his soul, and to his memory fame ;
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A reverence for that worth I cannot reach :
And, at a distance with a steady eye,
Observe, and mark his passage to the sky,"

CHURCHILL.

MORE blessed is thy memory than those
Who on the noisy field of war expire,
Whose spirits at the trumpet's blast arose,
Big with the deathless glow of martial fire.

The sons of science in the quiet grave,
Though mouldering where the weary are at rest,
Shall live, while veneration crowns the brave,
And future times shall love and call them blest !

Their memory on the glowing page of fame
Shall lure, while emulation leads the way
To where the glories of a deathless name
Is fixed within a nation's dome on high.

And in the Temple of her records stand,
 Crown'd with each tribute that an age can find,
 The useful, and the great, a godlike band,
 Shall pointing swell the triumphs of the mind.

But yet a loftier crown thy memory wears
 A brighter halo shines around thy worth,
 While *age* and *youth* now joyously appears,
 Screen'd from the blight that marr'd their path on earth,

While thou art sleeping in thy dusty bed,
 Benevolence is leading forth her train,
 And many a bright and grateful tear is shed,
 Blessing the man that lived,—nor died in vain!

For there religion flings her heaven-born smile,
 As by her side her daughter fair doth hold
 The means, life's varying hour to beguile,
 Ready her golden treasures to unfold.

Nor shall the canker-worm of pallid care
 Stalk the perspective, more though oft unfurled;
 For *education* infant minds prepare
 To meet the tide and bustle of the world.

And in yon fane where revelation's son
 Breathes forth the mighty truths of heaven divine;
 Sweet benediction smiles on what is done,
 And strews her blessings round the holy shrine.

The child half conscious of a deathless mind,
Whose future being hangs upon thy care ;
Blessing thy name, while other years shall wind,
And " Millington " shall live in his last prayer !

Sleep on now peaceful in thy quiet tomb,
The passer by shall stop and bless thy name ;
And trace thy exit through this mortal gloom,
Where angels welcom'd thee with loud acclaim.

And now receiving as thy great reward,
The smiles and approbation of thy God ;
Thousands, who here on earth thy bounty shared,
Shall deck thy crown with stars in that abode !

LINES

Written on visiting Shelton Oak, near Shrewsbury.

How sweet to linger here ; the shade
Seems like a chaplet green,—and made
To crown the history-pointed glade,

Where time I ween resorts ;
And with his undisputed sway,
Calls back renown's unblemished day,
Crowding the famed devoted plain,
To form his olden courts :
And such a levee ne'er was seen,
Of bards and warriors that have been.

The chieftain brings his spurs of gold,
The bards their roundelays unfold,
And ladies on their palfreys bold,
Come prancing o'er the green ;
While echo with her welkin horn,
And fairies, by tradition borne,

Stepp'd lightly o'er the dazzling mead,
Where oft till evening's gloom was spread.

The dancing throngs were seen ;
And loud the harp, with spell-like power,
Cheered up the gaily passing hour.

And with the now reviving train,
Some blushing maid and rural swain,
Bright as the flowers that deck the plain,

Attend the jocund ring ;
While age returns its playful smile,
With kind unwrinkled looks, that guile
The varied soul-inspiring throng,
While minstrels with their ancient song
Their camp-born influence fling :
Or joins the horn's unequalled blast,
With tones that brightened up the past.

Thus, as I gazed upon the band,
In bright array, spread o'er the land,
Fancy awoke, and with her wand,

Changed quick the gorgeous scene ;
Nor fairy forms beneath the tree,
Joined in their evening revelry,
Nor humble maid, so coy and fair,
Then whispered to her lover there,

So smilingly serene ;
While echo was with silver horn,
Far in the ærial distance borne.

For then it seemed as if the ray
 Of morn, led forth the infant day,
 With ringlets made of twilight grey,
 And dew-bespangled tear;
 While on the stream that gallopp'd by,
 The limpid echoes seemed to die;
 And all was quiet save the sound
 That fell on mead and woodland round,
 From a lonely chanticleer;
 Who sang aloud his morning tale,
 And sweetly 'woke the drowsy vale.

The old tree robed, by summer spread,
 Its green leaves folding over head,
 And like a sylvan giant shed
 Protection o'er the spot;
 Where Zephyrs, fond and careless, stray'd,
 Or where the wandering herdsman laid,
 Oft when the sun's descending beam,
 Fell warm on old Sabrina's stream,
 And all of life forgot;
 While in his dreams a breeze so fair,
 Would fan unconsciously his hair.

Here "druids" might with pleasure dwell,
 And tales of mystic worship tell,
 Or breathe around the sacred spell,
 For some lone walk or bower,

Where fear would spread her dusky wing
 O'er moon-lit paths and streams, and fling
 Her form to many a vacant post,
 While rumour would report "a ghost
 Was seen at such an hour;"
 And oft beneath the oaken tree,
 Was laid a ghost right solemnly.

But now the clarion wakes afar,
 The loud and fearful sound of war :
 While valour as the guiding star,
 Points to the battle vale ;
 For on that scene, once still and lone,
 Rages a contest for a throne ;
 And on the Shrewsbury Castle tower,
 The kingly warder shows his power,
 Whose banners ride the gale ;
 And in the wind's high waving breath,
 Proclaims the northern chieftain's death !

Methinks I see the brave and good,
 The Glendwr, as he proudly stood,
 Looking beyond, with silent mood,
 The Severn's dashing tide ;
 While faintly on the listener fell
 The distant shout, the battle's knell,
 And blood-red pennons seem'd to wave,
 In triumph, o'er rebellion's grave :

For lowly, side by side,
 Many a warrior there did yield,
 With life, his fealty on the field.

Here Glendwr led his dauntless band
 From Cambria's fam'd and mountain land,
 To where thy oaken boughs expand,

And on thy top was seen
 The waving banner fluttering bright,
 That flapp'd in many a "border" fight,
 Revealing from its curling fold
 The chieftain's crest, renown'd of old,
 Where e'er thy sons have been ;
 While dazzling shields, with 'dented form,
 Told they had seen the battle's storm.

The scene is changed,—for now around
 Time flings his spell with looks profound,
 And on the green and hallowed ground,

The wrinkled sage is known ;
 With locks of gray and sun-lit eyes,
 Brighter, though calm as summer skies,
 While on his changeless brow so meek,
 The morning's freshness sat,—his cheek
 Look'd as if he'd lately flown
 With eagle wings from some far stage,
 Making his earthly pilgrimage.

Yet as he stood, he did convey
 The impression of the feudal day ;
 For at his side then dangling lay
 The shepherd's pastoral reed,
 And round his waist a girdle shone,
 Of the smooth ivy made alone,
 Torn from a mountain-ruin, where
 A temple once stood rich and fair,
 Where many a sacred meed,
 For victories won, the priest had given ;
 And warriors paid their thanks to heaven !

Thus he exclaimed ;—" this shade hath hung
 Through many a lingering year, and long
 Have woodbirds in its green leaves sung ;
 While, from the calm below
 The whispering voice of love hath stole
 From many a fond and ardent soul ;
 And oft the gipsy tent was rose
 Beneath the tree's green wing,—for those
 Whose wanderings to and fro
 Hath always been ; for where's the land
 That hath not seen its gipsy band ?"

Once on a time there came from far
 A humble parent cottager,
 With his small household band to share
 Protection and a home ;

From duns and heartless bailiffs free,
They lived within this ancient tree ;
And Oh, how sweet at morn to hear
The voice of praise distinct and clear,

For this became a dome,
Where the domestic altar stood,
And nature blest her fane of wood !

Ages have passed since first it came
A sapling from the plain, the same
As twigs that spring of kindred name,

Unnoticed or unseen ;
But now he spreads his branches wide,
Gaily in each bright summer-tide,
Seeming to every eye to be
Of time a true epitome,

In age so calm and green :
And other times may yet like me,
Bless thy green shade, famed " Shelton Tree."

LINES,

*Sent with a Flower (the Forget-me-not) to a
Young Lady.*

I SEND thee, sweet and simple flower,
That deck'd so fair the blooming field ;
And spangled in the summer hour,
Emblem of all that love can yield.

Go, and convey the passing thought,
By friendship wove within the breast ;
And tell of what those charms have wrought,
Which robs the wounded mind of rest.

'Mong parting friends, and lovers torn,
Though time and distance intervene ;
Friendship shall waken like the morn,
And love unfold her fondest scene.

Then go, my blithe, my simple flower,
For 'tis thy own peculiar lot
To bloom away the passing hour,
And bear the wish—"Forget-me-not."

THOUGHTS ON ANCIENT SHREWSBURY.

MARKED with the gloom of fading years,
And reaching through the lapse of time,
My SCROBBESBYRIG still appears,
Blooming in th' historic clime,
High on its deathless page sublime.

Where the bard of olden hours,
Sang of the warriors dented shield,
And of yon blood-stained lingering towers,
Or the bow that oft did yield
Its laurels on the Battlefield.

And the harp's immortal strain
Flung its tones of ancient song
Round thy walls, among thy train
Of trusty legions, bright and strong,
With rhymes of freedom on their tongue.

As the Prince of "Powys," here
On his steed, with spurs of gold,
Led 'mid the glare of many a spear,
PENGWERN's dauntless sons of old,
Wrapt in a crimson mantle's fold.

With the "torque's" renowned crest,
 Shining orb of Celtic pride,
 Dangling on the hero's breast,
 And braving many a battle's tide,
 Upon "Sabrina's" far-famed side.

Or from the trumpet's battle call,
 Look where the Hirlas moves around, (5)
 Glorious in many a baron's hall,
 And its echoes high resound
 With fame's eternal winding sound.

And the bardic roundelay
 Falls on the warrior's listening year,
 Of some high victorious day,
 Source of many a smile and tear,
 Which in successive scenes appear.

Or at "Saint Mary's" crowded shrine,
 The mail-less hero stoops to be,
 Where holy thoughts the soul entwine,
 The honest, willing devotee,
 'Mid courts of old divinity.

Whose bones are quiet and at rest,
 Deep in the ground on which we tread,
 By maidens wept, by children blest;
 Peace to the memory of the dead,
 Down in their low unconscious shed.

Thus wandering to the olden day,
 I on historic records climb,
 Where fancy marks her glowing way,
 And lights with many a scene sublime,
 The old, but now forgotten time.

LINES

*Written on hearing a Robin Sing near Shrewsbury, in
 December 1840.*

"The trill of the Robin, the ooo of the Dove,
 Are charms that I'll never forgo."

BLOOMFIELD.

THE winter had robed every mountain and bough,
 That stood on the once blooming vale;
 Save where as in pity alighted just now,
 A sun-beam, upon an old tree;—and its glow
 Mark'd the spot, where the spirit-birds numbers did flow,
 'Twas a Robin there breathed forth its tale.

For the Lark saw unheeding the opening of day,
 Nor cheered the advances of light,
 And the woodbirds that echoed responses away,

In their summer recesses now poured not their lay
 With the Blackbird, that sang to the evening's last ray,
 Or Philomel's voice woke the night.

Yet blithe swelled the bird's lonely whistle and song,
 While the winter keen mantled around ;
 And echoes came silently there, to prolong
 The numbers that fell from his musical tongue,
 And bore his sweet carol so richly along,
 That the Severn looked gay with the sound.

Like the tones of an angel song, gentle and clear,
 They broke on the murmuring wave ;
 And thus while the strain met the listening ear,
 A prospect more glowing and bright did appear
 Of the birth of another, a blooming young year
 Springing up from the old-one's grave.

Or tones from the harp-strings, that proudly of old
 Swept divinely and sweet o'er the plain,
 When the " Hirlas" replied, with its famed cup of gold,
 As sung by the princely *Cyveiloc** so bold,
 Where the story of lovers, or war feats were told,
 When renown 'woke the bard's famous strain.

* *Cyveiloc* was the last Prince of Powis, who reigned in Shrewsbury, and was the author of a celebrated poem, entitled the "Hirlas Horn."

Then sing on, sweet warbler—thy music doth give
 More pleasure and joy to the heart,
Than the song which the morning's air yet will receive
From the lark at his rising, when twilights perceive
Their fond minstrel winging with "matins" that live
 In tones rich as seraphs impart.

Or, the melody poured by the Blackbird's sweet lay,
 As he welcomes the shades of the even ;
With hymns that decline with the closing of day ;
But thou art oft perched on the rime-covered spray,
The true nightingale of the winter alway
 Tuning themes that were taught thee by Heaven.

NOTES

TO THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(1) Page 64, Line 2.

THIS Elegy was written in the year 1836, and was intended to have been sent to London in order to compete for a royal medal that was to have been awarded at the Cymreigyddion in the May of that year. The prize, however, was never given, as in the opinion of the Judge, (Dr Southey), neither of the competitors, though they were six in number, had written any thing worthy of the intended mark of distinction. The affair created some noise at the time, and to show what effect this strange decision of the "Laureate's" had on the minds of Cambria's poets;—though the late Lady Wynn was considered the greatest patroness of Welsh Literature in her day, and the most admired of any Lady in the principality in consequence: yet in the autumn of the same year, at the "Bala Esteiddfodd," when a prize was offered for the best Elegy in English, open to the Border Poets as well as to all Wales, the same as that in London; not one person sent a line for competition! So much for the judgment of Dr. Southey. When, if no slight had been offered in the first instance, there is scarcely one poet throughout Wales and the border, but would have been glad to have paid their tribute of admiration to her memory.

(2) Page 97, Line 2.

This allusion is to the Rev. Richard Scott, B.D., whose love and respect for the Churches, &c., in this neighbourhood is often manifested in the large sums of money he expends in their repair; "The Abbey," more especially; while some have looked on carelessly at the dilapidations that were yearly accumulating in and about the venerable edifice with all their professions for the stability of the Church: yet he alone has spent and is spending unsolicited, immense sums of money in its renovation! His name is truly deserving of respect, and future generations whose *practices* will follow their *professions* perhaps, in a greater degree than is observable at present, will read with pleasure, the records of deeds so praiseworthy; and admire the man who has in the truest spirit of moral patriotism verified his respect for the old and once celebrated Monastery of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

(3) Page 97, Line 16.

The Abbey was formerly called the church of *Saint Peter and Saint Paul*.

(4) Page 97, Line 24.

A road has, within the last few years, been made through the Abbey Garden within the walls of the ancient Monastery, where the dead for several generations were buried.

(5) Page 113, Line 25.

The reader will observe this verse is descriptive of the interior of Newtown Church. The "relics" allude to the inimitable carved Screen that adorns the venerable Fane. It originally belonged to the first Saint Peter's in Rome, but when that far-famed edifice was partially destroyed by fire, both the screen and a number of Effigies representing Angels as large as human beings

were transferred to the Abbey "Cwm Hir," in Radnorshire, with all the solemnity, of course, that a cargo of such holy relics would inspire in that age of *Religious Fanaticism*. They were, after the dissolution of Monasteries, purchased and made a present of to Newtown Church, by Sir John Powell Pryce, Baronet, who was the greatest benefactor to the Establishment that neighbourhood has ever produced; and an ancestor to the present talented and greatly respected gentleman, who now occupies the ancient mansion, "Newtown Hall," the Reverend G. A. Evors, who has, through a long residence there, proved to a demonstration, that he inherits the same kind and generous disposition that has always characterised his honourable house: the benefit, of course, has been most materially felt by the poor of that locality, while his usefulness as a County Magistrate, for a long series of years, is acknowledged with pleasure on all hands.

"The banner still hangs drooping as of old."

This church certainly presents one of the most romantic appearances the imagination can picture; the figures of angels that are fixed near to the roof, seem to cast from their life-beaming countenances an unearthly awe around, the same unchanged and beatific smile issues from their countenances, now, as in my boyhood,—nay, hundreds of years gone by! The "Last Supper" pictured by the author of "Grongar Hill," and "Ruins of Rome," &c. directs the mind of the worshipper to the Author of his redemption. While the various texts and passages from holy writ inspire at once an unusual feeling in the mind. The marble monuments of child-like innocence, that adorn the venerable walls as tributes of parental affection towards the departed objects of their love and esteem, are truly pleasing to look at. Yet in the midst of all these objects of curiosity, near to the chancel the attention is arrested by two objects of great antiquity that pass unnoticed by thousands

